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NORTH BAY... VOL. XVII
1940

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PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

Since the Northland Echo was published in May 1939, the British Empire and its allies have been forced into a war to stop aggression on the part of Germany—a war which both Great Britain and France tried to avoid.

It is both fitting and proper that this issue of the Northland Echo should be dedicated to former pupils of our school who have enlisted for overseas service in the Army, Navy and Air Force. We are proud of these boys and of the spirit of loyalty that prompted them to offer their services to defend all those traditions of liberty and democracy for which the British Empire stands.

To boys now attending the school who may be considering enlisting, my advice is that you complete your course before signing up. The Army, Navy and Air Force requires trained men. You can be of more value to your country by availing yourself of all the training this school can give you. The more education you have, whether that education be academic or vocational, the more service you can render to your country. This school is in the fortunate position of being able to offer its students a complete course in either academic or practical subjects—comparatively few schools in the Province are as well equipped as is your school. Remain in the school until you graduate. It may be that you can serve your country best by serving at home.

I am not a pacifist but I do feel that the average boy of school age should complete his course of study at school



before he enters any branch of the service. As I mentioned before, your country needs trained men, and your school is equipped to give you that training.

F. D. WALLACE.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

To all the following, the Editor and Staff of The Northland Echo wish to express their heartfelt appreciation for the co-operation they so kindly extended in the preparation of this magazine.

Mr. F. R. Simpson, for his work in connection with the advertising and printing of the magazine.

Mr. E. A. McCann, for his assistance with the literary section and his invaluable advice to the Staff.

Mr. J. B. Clipsham for his labors in connection with the photographic section.

Miss McNamara and her typing staff whose meticulous transcriptions of our hastily scribbled manuscripts eliminated many errors that would otherwise have occurred.

The English staff for their generous co-operation in submitting literary material.

Mr. C. K. Carrington for his skilled judgment in choosing our prize puppet-plays.

All the advertisers, without whose financial support this publication could not have come into being.

All the contributors to the various departments of our year book, whose material was very much appreciated.

All the members of the Advertising Staff, who deserve special commendation for their splendid efforts.

Miss Walker and her staff of artists whose work has helped to make The Echo the success we hope it is.

In Memoriam

•

On December 2, 1939, the funeral took place of Pilot Officer Gregory Maher, R.C.A.F., a former student of the school.

Requiem High Mass was celebrated at the Pro-Cathedral.

Principal F. D. Wallace and members of the staff of the Collegiate and Vocational School attended in a body and a detachment of Cadet Officers and Cadets from the school was part of the funeral cortege.

"Greg," as he was known to many of us, was, in his student days at the Collegiate, an active and efficient officer of the Cadet Corps and a good student.

On graduation from the University of Toronto he joined the R.C.A.F. A few days after he received his "Wings," he was killed in an aeroplane accident near Trenton.

To his family, the staff and students extend heartfelt condolence.

R.I.P.

Dedication

To the Students and former Pupils of the School who will go forth to war to defend our ideals of Justice and Freedom, the Magazine Staff dedicates the Seventeenth Edition of the Northland Echo.

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 Miss Walker, Mr. Wert, Mr. Hardwick, Miss Morgan
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 Absent: Miss Mustard, Messrs. Cleland, Simpson, Troy.

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ARTICLES

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

E. J. Pennock

I have the privilege of voicing the thoughts and ideas of the graduates who have received their diplomas this evening.

Tonight, we say farewell to our school. Most of us can recall some time during the past few years, if things were not going just right, when we might have been glad to have said good-bye to school; but tonight, as we are faced with the actual experience, we look upon our life here in a much different light.

Many things happened to us here. Most of them were pleasant—some were not, at the time, but now that they are memories we can appreciate them for what they were worth. Let's recall a few of them now. Do you remember the first day we came to school, proud as peacocks, because we were going to the High School? But do you remember how small and insignificant we felt when we sat here and saw the teachers of whom we had heard so much from the veterans of the Second Forms, sitting on the platform and waiting to lead us to the slaughter? None of us enjoyed school very much the first few days, but then someone said something funny in class and the teacher laughed! Yes, Sir! Laughed right out loud! Then we decided that they must be human after all, and that, even if they were school-teachers, they weren't bad at heart.

And so our education went on. While we were wondering why they had mixed up the alphabet with arithmetic to make a puzzle they called algebra, and why we had to write down what we thought Macbeth would have done when we were satisfied with Shakespeare's version of it, our minds were being unconsciously moulded and trained in the right direction. In our mathematical and scientific courses we were taught to think—to reason things out, to observe, and to draw conclusions. From History and Literature we learned the difference between right and wrong, what to admire and strive for in character, and what to detest and shun.

Some of our most pleasant memories are of our association with the various organizations within the school. Our activities in these societies gave us an opportunity to play and learn at the same time. Through sports we were taught to recognize and obey rules and constituted authority, and to learn that

nothing can be successful without co-operation. Our Literary and Debating Societies gave us an opportunity to learn self-expression as well as to provide entertainment for the school as a whole. The School Orchestra and Camera Club provided the means whereby those with the same hobby could get together and really achieve something worth while. These various school activities also gave us an opportunity to cultivate the friendship of our teachers. The companionship and good-fellowship we enjoyed with them after school is something we can cherish.

You all know that lovable character, Mr. Chips. He was not one man, but a combination of many masters, with whom the author had come in contact during his school days. I believe, and I know the other graduates do also, that if the author had gone to this school, he could have drawn his material from here. No doubt, he would have had difficulty in deciding whether to name his product "Miss" or "Mr. Chips."

Our thanks are due to the School Board, and to Mr. Wallace, and his staff, for the many educational and recreational opportunities we have enjoyed as pupils in this school.

Do you remember that once or twice a year our principal would impress upon us the fact that this school was not composed of brick and mortar, but of the pupils who attended it, and that the character and reputation of the school was what we gave it? Let us remember, then, that as we go out into the world as young men and women, our lives will cast a reflection on this school. Let us make it a bright one.

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CANADA

Clara Schneebalg

Four years ago, when a child of ten, I first saw Canada. I stood on the threshold of this large, bewildering new world, with great emotions stirring in my heart. I was sad at the departure from my closest friends and relatives who were now left thousands of miles away. I was happy over the safe arrival to this foreign land. I was excited over the thought of the coming adventure. Although Canada in those first few weeks rushed into my mind with full force and occupied most of my thoughts, Poland stayed timidly behind, like a beautiful background to a colorful picture.

At the beginning I felt the pangs every

"green-horn" must experience. The strange sound of a foreign language which I did not understand, the foolish feeling of not understanding and the awful feeling of not being understood—all took their turn in forming me into a Canadian.

Although all those around me thought very highly of themselves and contrasted their great intellect with my utter stupidity, still, I believed I could tell those people something about which they knew very little—Poland. I could not help noticing the surprised comments that were made about our "modern" clothes, and I soon understood the oft-repeated questions of my curious Canadian friends, such as: "Did you wear such clothes in Poland?" "Did you come in a big ship and were you sea-sick?" "Say 'hello' in Polish," or "Tell me all about Poland."

At first the English language was a puzzle to me. "How can they understand each other?" I thought, and to spite our Canadian friends we talked Polish continually, so that they, in their turn would not understand. But presently, this fast jabbering, these groans and squeals took the shape of words which at last had a meaning.

In the street I was utterly lost amid the great hubbub of traffic. This rushing of cars and people was absolutely unfamiliar to me, and I never seemed to get my turn to cross the street—safely.

In school understanding smiles were exchanged between the teachers and me, which at first amounted to nothing more. Later I found those teachers to be kind, sympathetic friends who helped me out of many difficulties, and took pride in my progress.

At the dinner table countless adventures were related and as our knowledge of English increased, English words were mixed in with the Polish and the Jewish. Although my great love for Poland will never cease, part of my love now is reserved for my adopted country—Canada.

THESE LONG-SHORE MEN

(Senior Prize Essay)

Bill Moyer, V Collegiate

About twenty-five miles south of Halifax, Nova Scotia, lies the small village of Foxe's Point. This is the home of a group of Atlantic fishermen who fittingly call themselves Long-Shore men. I had the good fortune to spend a whole day among these men during the height of the mackerel season, and it is a day that I shall always cherish.

Foxe's Point is strategically situated in a small bay on one of many penin-

sulas. Here I learned how independent the fishermen of Nova Scotia are. I was astonished to see their homes and their crude clothing, and to learn of the small pittance on which they live. Their homes are squat, all-frame structures, built by themselves and housing no more than five people. Every last one was surrounded by a crudely fashioned picket fence, usually whitewashed. There were about seventy-five such homes housing, in all, some five hundred people. Their homespun clothing made up of a giant black sweater, a pair of coarsely patched pants, and a pair of heavy, cork-soled boots invariably failed to fit them. Each family, in spite of its poverty, had a dog, which accompanied them when they lifted their nets.

A "Long-Shore" man's morning begins at five, and he is always at the dock by seven. We happened to get to Foxe's Point just about this time, when the men were busy in mending yards of "leader" nets and in bagging large quantities of coarse salt. They were a very friendly and genial group, who seemed to take an interest in us as soon as they learned that we were from Northern Ontario. I met a sixteen-years-old boy, "jigging" eels, as he called it. I was deeply impressed with their very ringing musical dialect. It is the dialect of the men from Sussex, according to my mother. They politely asked us to accompany them while they raised their nets in the morning. These nets are raised twice a day, once at four o'clock and also at eleven in the morning. We wandered over the village until the time came for the raising of the nets. At this time, as a "bay wind" was blowing, the sea was fairly choppy. About eight men took part in the net-raising, two to a boat. The boats were tied together and drawn out to the nets by a power dory. This power dory is equipped with a harpoon for spearing tuna. The nets lie about two hundred yards from shore, and even at this short distance the water is thirty fathoms deep. As the boats approach the net, they break off from the power dory and encircle the "pond." As the men begin to haul in the net, the mackerel come to the surface and in such numbers of them that the water is churned into foam. I shall never forget the sight of those thousands upon thousands of beautiful green, striped fish, thrashing, leaping, twisting and turning in an effort to escape the net. As the fish are crowded to the surface, the loading boatmen throw a large dip-net into the "pond." This dip-net is about six feet in diameter and takes in about five hundred fish every cast. The dip-net is thrown out by a rope, and then hauled

in and emptied. By the time the boatload is filled, the men are standing in fish up to their knees. The whole process takes little more than half an hour and as soon as the loading is over, the net is lowered again. Mixed very sparingly with mackerel are a few haddock and sole. The men then return to the shore where their real work begins, that of cleaning and packing their catch. In this art, for it is an art with them, young boys of seven and eight take part and these boys are as quick as the more experienced men.

Noticeable around the dock were numerous lobster pots of wicker-work.

Because the lobster fishing takes place during the winter, it is the hardest and cruellest job imaginable. The freezing wind blows the water over the boat and boatmen, covering them with ice.

The fishermen never know whether they will be able to sell their fish or not, but keep netting them at all times, taking a chance on the markets. The fisherman's profit is almost negligible and we who are inland born cannot quite realize the enormous amount of work necessary for such a small income.

These long-shore men are real workers and fine people. I shall never forget them.

A VISIT TO THE ROOF GARDENS

The first time I visited Toronto was two years ago, when I went to the Union Station with my cousins to see a friend off for the West.

While my older cousin waited to see her friend on the train, my younger cousins, Evelyn and Audrey, decided to take me across to the Royal York Hotel and try to get permission to see the Roof Gardens. They took me through five or six rooms in the station before we reached the tunnel. The tunnel was carpeted, lighted by electric lights on both sides and very stuffy and smoky. We ran part of the way to get out of it in a hurry. The rumbling of the cars overhead made the glass fronts of the advertisements along the sides of the tunnel tremble. As soon as we reached the hotel we stopped and thankfully took a deep breath of fresh air.

We stood there for a few minutes just inside, deciding who should ask for permission. Audrey was the only one who had enough courage to do so. She crossed her fingers, walked boldly up to the elevator-boy, told him we were from North Bay (Audrey had lived in Toronto all her life and never had been to North Bay and knew no one there but me) and

asked him if he would be allowed to take us up to the roof gardens. He asked the head man at the desk. The man answered, "No, not now. The orchestra is just beginning its broadcast."

"But sir, they've come from away up north," the elevator-boy protested.

"How far north?" asked the head man, amusedly.

"North Bay, sir."

"Oh, of course then," the head man said, looking astonished, "If they've come so FAR, by all means take them up."

"Thank you, sir."

With that, the elevator-boy led the way to one of the elevators. When all of us were in and the elevator was going up, the boy began to ask us about North Bay. He had played on the Trappers' hockey team the previous winter and he asked about some of the others on the team. Of course, I answered all his questions. He must have considered the others quite dumb or else just shy, because they didn't answer anything about North Bay. Meanwhile, I was watching the light that indicated what floor we were. We went up about eighteen floors, then to the roof gardens.

The moment we stepped out of the elevator we stopped, dazzled. There were huge glass windows which separated us from the ballroom. Just inside, on a raised platform, was Mark Kenny's orchestra, every member of which wore a white suit coat and black trousers. The grand piano was also white. The singing star, Georgia Day, was standing near the microphone. She was very pretty, with blonde hair, blue eyes and dressed in a black evening gown which made a striking contrast with the white of the men's suit coats and piano. From the microphone, hung a sign, "On the Air." There were a few people dancing. When Georgia Day sang, we couldn't hear her above the orchestra. A trio sang too, but I didn't hear their names when the elevator boy told us who they were. He left us standing there alone after about five minutes. We stayed a while longer, then went down, still in a daze.

POPULAR SONGS

Jean Waddington

Nowadays, songs are so numerous and of so many different styles that it is difficult to classify them. In general, the songs popular today may be put into four classes: (1) common love songs; (2) slow ballads; (3) swing music; (4) novelty songs.

In the first class, that of the common, everyday love songs, lies most of the average popular songs of the day. In

this class lie such songs as, "This Is No Dream," "Stairway to the Stars," "Do I Love You?" The titles of these songs suggest exactly what they are, merely a jumble of words that happen to rhyme, set to music. Whether there is any sense in them, judge from this example:

"You may spell love with a capital "L",
But I spell love with a capital "You",
Through the day you're away and I
mope and mope and mope,
And you do to, I hope, I hope, I hope."

—and so on. It is merely the music in this type of song that makes them popular. The tunes, whether fast or slow, are catchy. You may hear a song of this type on the radio and think to yourself "Isn't that stupid!" but I wouldn't be the least bit surprised if you found yourself humming the tune to that same song fifteen minutes later.

The next class, the slow ballads, contains some of the most popular songs of the day as "Blue Orchids", "I Thought About You", "Many Dreams Ago", "Careless". School teachers can tell you just how popular these songs are, I imagine. Not many days pass without at least one industrious pupil crooning in a deep, bass voice—"South of the Border, Down Mexico Way." This type of song usually tells a sad love story, with the lover mourning his lost love. The music is slow and pulsing, the dancer's delight.

The third class contains the type of songs people mean when they rave about "that awful popular swing stuff." Although there is nothing nice about them, these ditties become quite popular, and are played over and over again by dance orchestras. This class is even more meaningless than the first, for the words are only jargon, invented by some jitterbug in a wild moment. Here's a good example:

"The jim jam jump is the jumpin' jive
Makes you get your kicks on the
mellow side
Hep-hep, hep-hep."

The music is usually just a repetition of a few notes or phrases over and over again with every instrument in the orchestra playing an individual tune as a side line.

The last class, novelties, is the most popular of all. These songs come from nowhere to fame in an interval, and fade out just as quickly. But while they are popular everyone sings them, housewives, tradesmen, clerks. You wake up in the morning hearing the milkman whistle

"Ho-dle-ay, start the day right." On the way to work or school, you pass the newspaper boy warbling "Oh Johnny" without a care in the world. And you'll be lucky if you go through the day without hearing at least two renditions of "Little Red Fox," "Confucius Say," "Jiminy Cricket," "Give a Little Whistle," or "When You Wish Upon a Star." The tunes to these ditties are lilting, cheerful, almost contagious, and the lyrics are lively and original. This type of popular song is a great help in keeping up your spirits during the day.

This is a summary of the popular songs today, but whether it will hold, even a year from now, remains to be seen. For songs come and go with seasons, with only a few outstanding enough to be remembered.

HISTORY OF CALLANDER, ONTARIO

Jean McBeth, IVA Coll.

The year was 1881 and prospects were bright for George Morrison's young wife. She had her neat log cabin on the Point and the Indians were beginning to come regularly to exchange their furs for her husband's flour and blankets. At that moment he was miles distant, paddling toward Nipissing, with a bag of flour stowed safely away in the bottom of the canoe. Her baby dozed in its rough cradle near the open smudge which she had just kindled. When she had thrown a yard or two of fine cheese-cloth over the cradle to protect her little son from black-flies, Mrs. Morrison trudged slowly but cheerfully down the path to the lake-shore, swinging her empty waterpail.

Far across the bay, several wisps of white smoke from chimneys at the "Wasi" were visible as they rose and were wafted on the clear air far out over the still blue water. The woman stood, drinking in the cool, clean air for several minutes. At last she bent to fill her pail. At that moment she glanced back to her home. From the spot where she was kneeling, she could see red flames licking greedily at the gummy pine floor and even as she sprang to her feet and struggled towards the house, she knew that she could not hope to save her child. That, unfortunately, was true. Evidently the baby had awakened and had, somehow, set the cradle rocking. The drag-

gling cheesecloth had dipped into the glowing smudge.

From this tragedy sprang the beginning of the present Village of Callander. Mr. Morrison built a better cabin on the site of the present Callander Hotel and several years later he had the town site surveyed. In his new log home he continued to live and to use it as a small inn, to which came surveyors, prospectors and future settlers. In 1884 George Morrison moved across the street and founded the general store which is run today by his son, Kenneth. It has been changed and enlarged considerably since that time, for it was, like the other two Morrison dwellings, constructed of rough pine logs.

At this period in Callander's history the bulk of the settlement was not, as might be expected, at the town itself but at the Wisa Wasa Falls, about three miles south and west. Here was located Booth's loading station from which logs were sent on their way to Lake Nobsbong, the Ottawa River and finally the mill at Ottawa. Nevertheless, Callander Proper had a larger population than had the settlement of North Bay some nine miles to the north.

The railway, as always, was accompanied by many new settlers so that the tiny community grew steadily and in 1885 Mr. White established his hotel, the "White House," on the lakeshore near the present barber shop. Also the next year in 1886, the first municipal elections were held, with the result that George Morrison was selected as reeve while on the council were Messrs. Darling, Wessel and Swale.

Mr. Morrison selected the name Callander for the community because of his father's birthplace in Callander, Scotland. Some years later the name was changed to Eastport and though the post office continued to be Callander, the station was known by the new name. This arrangement proved unsatisfactory and after considerable discourse, the town again became known by its present name.

Callander was on the verge of its greatest prosperity. In 1893 the John B. Smith and Sons lumber company moved its mills from Frank's Bay, at the entrance to the French River, to its present location at Callander. The McBurney mills followed soon after it and for the first time in its history Callander knew real prosperity. As the demand for men could not be met by the scanty population, lumbermen from all over the district came in droves to obtain work and homes. Wages were high, poverty was

unknown and the population of the busy little centre reached an all-time high.

Even at this brightest moment, tragedy again cast its shadow over Callander. The steamer Fraser, loaded with men bound for the Davidson and Hayes' winter lumber camps at Frank's Bay, was burned completely just off Goose Island. About 30 men perished that autumn day and only about a dozen survived. These managed to climb aboard a scow which was trailing behind the boat. Others lowered the lifeboat but it became caught in the paddle-wheel and was dashed to pieces. For weeks bodies were found along the lakeshore, especially in the marsh near Smiths' lumber mill. This was the grimmest event in the entire history of the town.

Callander continued uneventfully as a quiet lumbering village until the depression following the Great War, when the nearby timber limits became exhausted. Good luck had not, however, entirely forsaken her. With the birth of the Dionne quintuplets on May 28, 1934, a new and utterly different era began. Callander, the drowsy little settlement, became world-famous overnight! Tourists flocked to the Dafee Nursery, souvenir stands and refreshment booths sprang up on every street corner, and at last Callander's dirt roads were paved and improved. Every available building was converted into a hotel or restaurant and cabins were as numerous as flies. Most of the actual profit, however, has been made by outsiders who come in with their souvenirs and post cards and disappear southward with the last American license plate.

Three years ago gold engraved brooches were presented to the five sisters by the burgh or town council of Callander, Scotland. It may be easily understood how the present and future of Callander is bound up with those children, who, six years of age this May, dwell in their quiet nursery, unconscious of the fame that they have brought to their home and family. They have introduced the American public to the growing tourist centre of Northern Ontario and will continue to do so if the quintuplets are not moved, as has been suggested.

It is an interesting fact that, at the present time, in 1940, Kenneth Morrison, son of George Morrison, has stepped into his father's place as reeve of North Himsforth township. May he carry on just as successfully as his father and serve the village his father founded through who knows what new phases of history yet to come.

GHOSTS I SHOULD LIKE TO MEET

Betty McGonegal, Form V

Do you believe in ghosts? While with apparent scorn I say quite emphatically, 'No,' I must confess that my fingers are invariably crossed. And in those darkest hours before the dawn when awakened by a creaking step or a howling wind, I lie shivering with horror in bed. Ghosts are very real things to me.

The ghosts I should like to meet are not those mysterious spirits that the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle described, gliding through ancient castles moaning and sighing amid the rustle of silken skirts and the clanking of chains to visit upon human beings the sorrows and misfortunes of their eventful lives. Those vengeful ghosts are not the spectres which I fear.

The ghosts I should like to meet are the ghosts, not of real beings, but of inanimate objects on whose very presence the imagination of the world depends. You don't have to look for the ghosts I should like to meet, or spend a night of terror in some "haunted" house to meet one; they are all around you.

For example, there is first "the ghost of a chance," that hovers above the earth flitting nervously here and there, always ready to pounce upon a critical moment when time seems to stand still in expectation. The ghost of a chance is like an elf, delighting in mischief, laughing gleefully when some pessimistic individual happens to say despairingly, "I haven't a ghost of a chance to succeed!"

Then there is "the ghost of a tear," along with the ghost of a smile and the ghost of a sigh. These are very rare and beautiful ghosts. "The ghost of a smile" is a whimsical one that appears in the most unexpected places, utterly ravishing in its suddenness. The "ghost of a tear haunts" the most cherished memories in a person's life, hiding secretly until it suddenly appears from nowhere in all its radiant beauty. The "ghost of a sigh," a quiet little ghost, is the rarest one in my imagination.

Finally there is the ghost of a dream—a tall mysterious ghost that glides noiselessly throughout the world holding in its possession all the wishes and the dreams of man.

These are never terrifying and avenging ghosts, but friendly and real apparitions. They are the ghosts I should like to meet.



THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

Ezio Cappadocia, IIIA Collegiate

Today, when Democracy is engaged in a war for the healthy continuation of its existence, it is more than ever important for us to realize what Democracy is and what it should mean to us. A thorough analysis of Democracy would require a greater amount of space than that at our disposal. I shall deal, therefore, only with these four aspects of the subject:

- (i) The fall of post-war Democracies in Central Europe,
- (ii) The concurrent growth of Pacifism in the western Democracies after the war,
- (iii) Democracy and its relation to minority opinion,
- (iv) The future of Democracy.

In recent years, we have seen the fall of many post-war Democracies in Central Europe. Their collapses were caused first by the failure of the Western Democracies to help these newly established Democracies; secondly by the fear of capitalists and industrialists within the new Democracies that a social revolution against the misery and poverty of post-war period would take place, if a rigid system preventing this were not established. Last of all, however, the collapses were caused by the inability of the people living in these countries to use Democracy, since Democracy is the rule of the people, rule which depends upon

their knowledge and discussion of public questions.

As a result of these policies, Europe is today plagued with Nazism and Fascism, systems of government that are anti-democratic, anti-liberal, anti-humanist and anti-pacifist. They are also anti-religious, although German Nazism at the same time does not fail to claim that Hitler is performing God's purposes for Germany. Democracy, on the other hand, cannot be anti-religious, for it and Christianity go hand in hand, making neither social nor racial distinctions and therefore permitting a great variety of individual expression.

The dictators, taking advantage of Pacifism and internal conditions, substituted the army for the Christian method of peaceful arbitration. They increased their military preparations and kept public opinion in a state of nationalist passion. While the dictators were developing their war machines, the Democracies were preaching Pacifism according to Christian principles, and repeatedly proclaiming that their desire was peace only—i.e., that the world must remain as it was in 1919. Thus, when the high tension was reached in the crisis in the middle of the 1930's, the Democracies remained at a disadvantage and beheld the tragic sacrifices of Manchuria, Abyssinia, Austria, Spain and Czechoslovakia. The dictators interpreted these pacifistic outbursts as admissions of weakness and of readiness to keep the peace at any price. The declaration of war by Britain, France and the British Dominions against Germany, subsequent to Hitler's brutal attack on Poland, must have caused grim realizations for the Fascist dictators.

But despite these post-war pacific policies, the Democracies failed to make Democracy international by removing the causes of war. As a result, today we are again engaged in a second struggle "to make the world safe for Democracy."

If Christianity and Democracy are inseparable, so too must Democracy and freedom be inseparable. But, unfortunately, when war begins, freedom ends. According to the policy of our government, what it terms "hostile opinion," must be controlled because it hinders the successful prosecution of the war. Most people are willing to admit that some restrictions are necessary. But, how are we to interpret the phrase "hostile opinion"? Does it imply hostility in the methods with which the war is being waged and to the end at which it aims? We must remember that once our right of criticism is withdrawn, once our government becomes a semi-dictatorship, it

commits all the natural follies of a real dictatorship.

Our politicians should not be the only people free to criticize our war policy. To many of them their party and its future is far more important than the successful prosecution of the war. Therefore, I believe that if anyone criticizes the national policy and supports his criticism by evidence that there is need for it, he should not be looked upon as unpatriotic or disloyal. The notorious Padlock Law, for example, passed in the Quebec Legislature, is an indication of the extent to which those in power may abuse Democracy, even in peace time, while preaching its maintenance. The sponsors of the law declared that it was an act to suppress subversive and communistic activities. What the term "communism" means was left for the former Attorney-General to interpret.

The great problem facing the Democracies today is not only that of exterminating the dictators, but also that of preserving Democracy at home. The economic strangulation of Germany by the British blockade, which is slowly but surely having its effect, and the growing superiority of Britain and France, both in the army and in the air, will inevitably bring Germany to defeat in spite of her striking power. But victory will not ensure the triumph of Democracy if it is not backed by a sensible peace treaty making the resort to dictatorship unnecessary. A new peace treaty must be based on an attempt to answer the legitimate demands of the economically weak world powers. For humanity will revolt against the idea that the world has to pass through a conflagration every 20 years because those demands have not been satisfied. We must remember that the only way to get rid of war is to destroy its causes.

If Democracy is to survive and fulfill its purpose, it must extend its fundamental belief in life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to the economic and social life of all national groups. It must also extend this belief to countries less fortunate than ours in their economic and financial conditions, thereby making Democracy international, and at least trying to remove the major causes of war. Internally, Democracy must also repair the faults of modern industrialism and capitalism and readjust the maldistribution of wealth.

Concluding this brief survey of Democracy, we realize that it gives us "the right to know, to utter and argue freely, according to conscience." But these rights can only be preserved if there is, in the majority of individuals

at least, a minimum of honesty, sincerity and, above all, a spirit of tolerance. Democracy is what the late Governor-General, Lord Tweedsmuir, called "the best system of government which the human mind yet devised," but

he warned us that "it is also the most difficult." Democracy commands our personal responsibility; it ensures us freedom, but its price is eternal vigilance.

POETRY and VERSE

STORM ON LAKE NIPISSING

Marian Alford

The sun casts down its lurid rays
And mercilessly beats the sand—
Transforms the placid water-ways
To liquid gold from Samarkand.
And blue of sky meets green of hill
Where parching forests wait the e'en,
When cooling breezes, whispering, tell
Their secrets to the evergreen.

Then comes the noon. The silence seems
Oppressive and foreboding, clouds
Are gathering fast. The sea gull dreams
On distant shores as darkness shrouds
The drowsy bays. Advancing sheets
Of dancing drops in glee, skip light
O'er foaming sea. The wind hurls fleets
Of tender leaves with furious might.

With frenzied scream the sea gull seeks
The shelter of some friendly place
Protesting loud with raucous shrieks
All birds on wing to hideouts race.
A chipmunk scurries 'neath a stump;
A rabbit furtively lopes past
To peer from some deceptive clump
Until the rain abates at last.

An interlude as raindrops spit,
Then thunder breaks asunder skies
Blue flames shoot through the gloom and
hit
A spruce, that wounded, crumples, dies.

The elements clash with mighty strength
The wind howls louder; wails; then shrill
It beats down rain and now at length
The birches quiver and puddles fill
And shiver ceaselessly. Small streams
Are coursing down to meet the shore
And mingle fearlessly with waves
That beat and splash with angry roar.

Then comes a hush. The silence seems
Oppressing and foreboding clouds
Are fading fast. The sea-gull screams
To distant shores. The breezes loud
In whispers die on still sweet air.

A timid ray of sun breaks through
Experimentally and then
With glorious radiance, in pastel hue
A rainbow awes the land of men.
Its fleeting spell is broken when,
As colours fade and bid farewell,
We hear the cheerful warbling wren;
The storm is o'er and all is well.

TOMIKO

There is a place in the northwoods, a
paradise to me,
A little lake, a laughing stream, it's
there I long to be.
In September, I'll remember, all the
splendour that I saw,
The gold and crimson maples, so perfect!
Not a flaw!
The silv'ry birch stood stalwart, in their
raiment best,
The pine and sumacs fondly the nearby
hills caress'd,
A little in the background a rugged rock
I see,
The trees that grow upon it, stand like
sentinels to me:
My precious paradise they will guard, of
that I do feel sure
And, when my head and heart are weary,
it's there I'll find a cure.
As the moon swings high in a starlit sky,
It's the hoot of an owl I hear,
And right then I know, no matter where
I go,
I'll always cherish thoughts of Tomiko!
—Anonymous

THE DUD

John Wyatt, Form IIIC

He wasn't so progressive
He called himself a dud,
Waiting till they told him what to do;
But for all this "fame,"
He played a clean straight game;
And every task he always carried through.
Later he joined the army,
He told them he was a dud,
But his captain had a different point of
view;
Although he might not get his cross,
He would never be a loss,
If he'd wait until they told him what
to do.

He wasn't so progressive
He called himself a dud,
And he waited till they told him what
to do;
But he won his cross,
And he never was a loss,
Because his courage always helped to pull
him through.

BATTLE OF THE RIVER PLATA

(Honorable Mention)

Don Beaumont, III Collegiate

PART I

There was no wild acclaim of joy,
When the running fight was over;
Slowly she passed the harbour buoy,
The end of the pirate rover.

The Admiral Spee, as British prey,
Chased in on the tail of the breeze;
Seeking retreat, ignoble defeat
From rulers of the seas.

With armour pierced and courage spent,
And valourless her crew;
Their silent lips spoke not content;
Their piracy was through.

In neutral port they stayed full time
While diplomats debated;
Outside the blue horizon line
The British Bull-dogs waited.

And as the southern sun went down
Upon a southern sea,
That once proud ship left neutral port;
Unknown her destiny.

Thus logged in naval annals;
The Admiral Graf Spee
By her own crew was scuttled,
The modern German way.

Thus, British might had won the right,
And swept the seven seas.
Now Hitler's boast adorns the coast
For Nazi memories.

PART II

Through London to the Guildhall,
'Round the famous Marble Arch,
Our King and Queen smile tribute;
Our naval heroes march.

Salute to H. M. "Exeter,"
For her most gallant fight,
To "Ajax" and "Achilles" brave,
The brawn of Britain's might.

'Mid blaze of pomp and pageantry,
And Lord Mayor's feast superb,
The conquerors bold are toasted
By Churchill's praising word.

The band strikes up with "Hearts of
Oak";
Ten thousand people cheering;
And through the mist of years there
broke
The face of Nelson peering.

For British skill, plus British will,
Had won again for England.
The seven seas are Britain's still;
All hail to gallant England!

LIMERICKS

There was an old man named McSneard
Who said, "It is just as I feared;
Four larks and a wren,
Five ducks and a hen
Have constructed their nests in my
beard!"

—C. Jeneroux

There was a young lady named Maisie,
Who considered that eating was crazy.
She didn't eat for a week
And now she's a streak
All ready to push up the daisies.

—H. Hall

There was a young man from Trout Lake
Who claimed that his wife couldn't bake,
"One taste is enough
Of that horrible old stuff"—
And he broke his right foot with the
cake.

—D. Kenny

There was a young skier named Phil,
Who fell in a crumpled up mass
He tried all in vain
To deaden the pain
Of the fall that he took on the hill.

—D. Kenny

A musician who liked to compose,
Wanted much more to propose:
As he asked for her hand,
She said, "I can't stand
Your parrot-shaped, rosy-tipped nose!"

E. McGirr.

A man with a famous umbrella
Tried to make peace with a fella;
But the fella did more,
And said "Total War!"
Just to show him that he wasn't yella.

—J. Kelly.

There was a young man from Boston
Who was riding inside of an Austen;
The Austen was struck;
He was hit by a truck—
And he's now in the morgue at Powassan.

—J. Eady

There was a young man from Powassan,
He took his false teeth out to wash 'em.
His wife said, "Jim,
If you don't put them in,
I'll pick up a hammer and squash 'em!"

—K. Haskins.

There was a dark man from Berlin
Whose U-boats were made out of tin.
The British came by
And made them all fly;
Now he doesn't know where to begin.

—J. Bradfield

There was a young fellow from Boston
Who purchased a new Baby Austen.
There was room for his lass
And a gallon of gas,
But the baggage fell out and he lost 'em.

—D. Newton

There was a young maid from Calgary
Who thought she could sing like a canary.
She sang at theatres,
Got hit with tomatoes
Which quickly stopped her salary.

—F. Barham

There was a young Laurentian skier
Who went out quite reg'lar to see her.
When he fell in the drink,
She pulled him out pink
And they no longer go skiing together.

—D. Russell

There was a young man from Lockport
Whose books were his only resort
At the end of the year
He shed a big tear
When teacher gave him his report.

—E. Trepanier

There was an old fellow named Neville
Who gave all the Germans the devil.
He called them bad names,
And shot down their planes,
And said "We shall win, on the level!"

—R. Pelletier

There was a young lady named Nan
Who drove out a new Ford sedan,
When she hit a post,
She turned white as a ghost,
As the car was now fit for the ash can.

—H. Russell

There was a young man from Catskill
Who devoured far more than his fill.
Now he lies on his back
In a little log shack,
And his paw pays a big doctor bill.

—E. St. Amand

There was a young fellow named Andy
The girls all thought him a dandy:
Tall, dark and slim,
They all adored him,
Till they found that his legs were quite
bandy.

—R. Valenti

There was an old man from Trout Lake
Whose circus of beasts was a fake.
When his mice roared,
The people looked bored,
So the circus man's neck is at stake.

—C. Jeneroux

There was a young chap named McCann
As a teacher he knows how to plan.
But at skiing, it's said,
He takes falls on his head;
So he might as well teach while he can.

—F. Beattie

There was a young maid from Powassan
Who slipped on a C.P.R. Crossing,
The train from the west,
Though all for the best,
Made a horrible—run in her stocking.

—W. Edwardson

THE GALLEON

(Prize Poem)

Joyce Young, III Collegiate

It's just a model standing
On the table in the hall;
Yet, when daylight fades away
And sunset shadows fall,
It is as if a secret breeze
Stirs softly through her spars,
I seem to see her sailing out
Beneath the drifting stars,
Afloat upon an unknown sea;
There, in the golden light,
The little painted galleon
Goes gliding through the night.
The curling foam about her bows,
Her sails outspread to snare
The gypsy winds of heaven,
Like a bird upon the air,
And I, too, in night's quiet hours
Drift out upon the deep,
And sail the Galleon of Dreams
Across the waves of sleep;
I, too, seek out by Treasure Isle,
Set in a sky-blue sea,
And anchor at the break of dawn
Off the lands of Reality.

GRANDMA

Margaret Beatty, Form IB

After supper round the table
Grandma sits and knits
Her hands are gnarled and bony,
But her sock grows, bit by bit.

Grandma is a gracious person,
And can tell us many a tale
Of many trials and hardships,
Of the times when crops did fail.

Grandma's grown old, and lovely,
Understanding, kind and true;
In face and person mellowed
By the years that grew and grew.

Those years have gone,
And when I sit and knit,
I should like to be like Grandma
Growing gracious bit by bit.



SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

First Row, left to right: Mary Prior, Helen Sweezey, Beth Hansman

Second Row, left to right: Ruth Haggart, Dorothy Avery, Betty McGonegal

COLLEGIATE

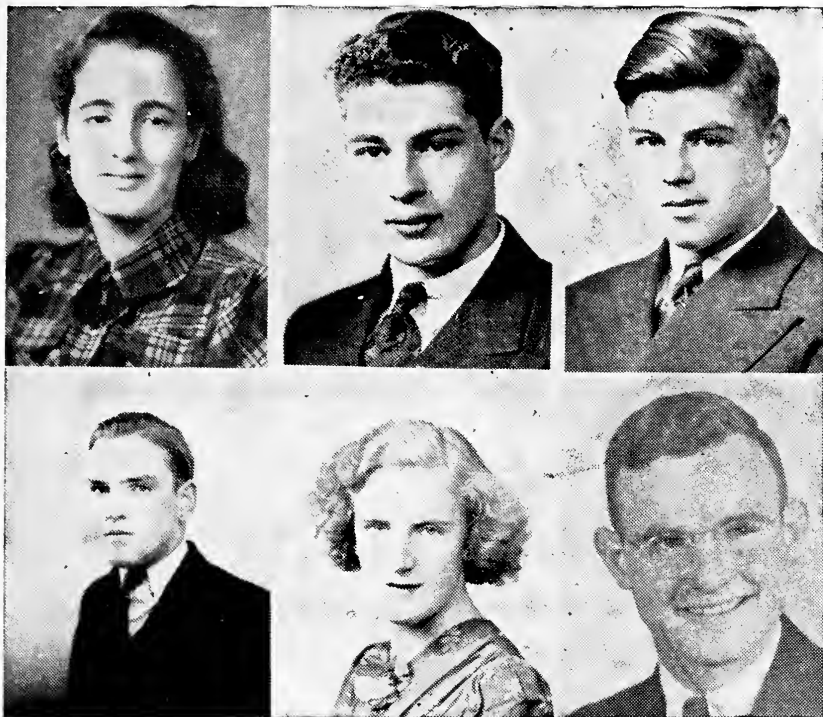
Grade IX to Grade X—Dorothy Avery.
 Grade X to Grade XI—Leslie Pickering.
 Grade XI to Grade XII—Ruby Parr.
 Junior Matriculation—Betty McGonegal.
 Senior Matriculation—Ruth Haggart.

COMMERCIAL

Grade X to Grade XI—Mary Prior.
 Commercial Diploma—Leo Reardon.
 Special Commercial—Delna Gibson.

VOCATIONAL

Grade X to Grade XI (Girls' Department)
 —Helen Sweezey.
 Grade X to Grade XI (Boys' Department)
 —Arthur Croghan.
 Vocational Diploma (Girls' Department)
 Beth Hansman.
 Vocational Diploma (Boys' Department)
 —John Lyons.



SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

First Row, left to right: Ruby Parr, Arthur Croghan, Les Reardon
 Second Row, left to right: Leslie Pickering, Delna Gibson, John Lyons



STUDENTS' ALL WOOL
SWEATERS
 2.95 to 5.95

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"The Man's Store"



Ruth Haggart

This year we have tried to make ourselves more British-conscious, and so we have attempted a Canada-wide exchange as well as an Empire Exchange.

Our British Empire feature has been extraordinarily fascinating. From it we have learned many little tidbits about our peoples. We hope they will continue to exchange with us and that they enjoy our "Northland Echo" as well as we do their books.

Calgary, Alberta—Crescent Heights High School—"The Bugle." More literature would improve your publication.

Cobourg Collegiate Institute—"The Collegiate Review." The candid camera would add to your fine book.

Fenwick—The Pelham Continuation School—"The Pelham Pnyx." The famous paintings greatly enhance your magazine.

Fredericton, N.B.—Fredericton High School—"The High School Gazette." Small issues like yours in newspaper form are really interesting, but why not add a few pictures?

Paris High School—"Year Book"—A fine little book with good photography and well-arranged material.

Brantford Collegiate Institute and Vocational School—"Hello."

Chatham Collegiate Institute—"Acta Collegii."

Charlottetown, P.E.I.—Prince of Wales College—"College Times."

Hamilton Central Collegiate Institute—"Vox Lycei." Central High School of Commerce—"The Argosy."

Kingston Collegiate Institute and Vocational School—"Times."

Kirkland Lake High School—"Conglomerate."

Montreal—Lower Canada College—"Magazine."

North Bay—Scollard Hall—"Green and Gold."

Ottawa—The Glebe Collegiate Institute—"Lux Glebena."

Peterborough Collegiate and Vocational School—"The Echoes."

Quebec—Commissioners' High School—"Year Book."

Scarboro Collegiate Institute—"The Scarboro Bluff."

Sudbury High School—"Wolf Howl."

Toronto—Humboldt Collegiate Institute—"Hermes." Northern Vocational—"Norvoc." The Central Technical School—"The Vulcan." Western Technical Commercial School—"Westward Ho."

Weston Collegiate and Vocational School—"The Conning Tower."

EMPIRE EXCHANGE

The Academy Herald, Larnace, Cyprus.

The Anglo-Chinese School Magazine, Singapore, Federated Malay States.

Crawley, Sussex, England—Milton Mount College—"The Miltonian." Your editorial was very interesting. "Romance" was amusing.

The Ellerslie Magazine, Sea Point, Capetown, South Africa.

Georgetown, British Guiana—The Queen's College School Magazine—A little magazine that is different and interesting to read.

Greymouth, New Zealand—The Greymouth Technical High School—"The Mawhera Gazette." Your poetry is good.

Hong Kong—The King's College Magazine was very different.

Port-of-Spain, Trinidad—St. Mary's College Annual—A very distinctive magazine, but may we suggest more candid pictures and humour? Your literature was very good. St. Joseph's Convent—Centenary Record—It tells much about Trinidad.

The Queen's Royal College Chronicle, Trinidad, B.W.I.

The Rafflesian of Raffles Institute, Singapore.

Stewarttown, Jamaica—Westwood High School Magazine—A very good book, but lacks snaps.

Wellington, New Zealand—Technical College—"Review." The only large magazine with no advertisements! This fine book would be much improved by a humour section.

STORIES

AT A DANCE

Frank Cherico, Form V

Many stories have been written about dances from the viewpoint of the dancers, but seldom do you hear the viewpoint of the members of the orchestra. To the dancers the life of the musicians seems gay and effortless, but if they were to listen to the conversation that goes on, on the orchestra stand during the intermission and after the dances, they would soon change their minds. True, the orchestras that play at the dances in this city are small, but they have their troubles.

Playing for dances is not all fun. When you think that all the musicians in this city have other jobs to work at during the day, you will agree that playing all night can be very tiresome. The average dances start at nine and finish at about two or three o'clock the next morning. Five or six hours of steady playing is hard, especially with an eight-hour day behind you and another ahead. But let's sit in with the orchestra for one dance.

This dance is a formal affair. The orchestra has been "ordered" to wear tuxedos. Tuxedos? Hmm.

At the last rehearsal the leader mentioned this clause in the contract (yes, it's only a verbal contract) and is immediately besieged with excuses for not wearing them. After a check-up it was found that only four of the members had "tuxes." Finally, it was arranged that those that did not have them were to wear blue suits, white shirts and black bow-ties.

It is the night of the dance. One by one the musicians walk in. Finally the drummer appears. He wears a brown suit, green shirt and blue polka-dot tie. The tie is a borrowed one, and is the only thing that resembles any part of a tuxedo. Oh well, the dance has to go on, even though the club dance committee glares at the orchestra with narrowed eyes.

After tuning up the instruments, the orchestra is ready to start. There are only a few couples present. These are a few of the younger set. This is the crowd that is easy to play for. Give them fast "jitter-bug" music and they are satisfied. There is no need for reading music when playing for them. Some old standard numbers are revived and "dressed up" according to each individual member's taste. In this city an effort of this kind usually ends in a

hideous jumble, but as long as there is a steady rhythm on the part of the drums and piano everyone is satisfied.

The music that takes the most out of an orchestra is that of the slow waltzes. Perhaps this is only my viewpoint, but after playing for a whole dance and then being called on to play with already tired lips, a long drawn-out waltz is torture. In this day of "swing," the requests for waltzes are few and far between.

Of requests by the dancers, it is only right to say that they are a helpful practice to the orchestra. They give the orchestra an idea of what kinds of music to play for different crowds. There are two types of people who request numbers. The first type is the person who really likes a certain number and who actually wants to hear it. The second type is the person who makes a request and doesn't even recognize the piece after it is played. This type is usually under the influence of the rather strong punch in the corner, or perhaps some special brand kept in the cloak-room.

The most enjoyable part of the dance is the lunch served to the orchestra in a back room. Here anything goes, and the orchestra really shines in this department.

After lunch there is another hour of dancing which seems to be the duller part of the dance. The crowd begins to thin out until finally only the couples that were there at first are left.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN ON CHRISTMAS EVE

(Junior Prize Essay)

E. Firth, Form IB

It was Christmas Eve. The snow fell in large, exquisitely shaped flakes. In the window of every home was a holly-wreath, candle or some other symbol of the happy time. Few people were on the street; they were all at home enjoying the blessings of peace.

At the newly established railway station the ticket agent's mournful face was certainly no advertisement for the joys of travel. He thought of the brilliantly lighted trees, a platter on which reposed a mammoth turkey, sprigs of mistletoe adorning convenient doorways, but mostly of a certain pink-cheeked maiden who would even now be leading the Grand Waltz. Through the snow dimly could be seen a gay poster setting forth the merits of Florida.

"Spend this winter in Florida!" it said. "Enjoy a southern Christmas!"

A policeman paced back and forth

on the platform and chaffed his cold hands. Perhaps he was thinking of the warm fireside at home, and an adoring wife to help him off with his coat.

"The 8.10 is about due," he said. "I hope it's on time!"

A stray person here and there awaited the train. Several shadowy cabs lurked in the rear of the building. The raucous cry of a newsboy disturbed the soft tranquillity of the scene.

A shrill whistle in the distance arrested the interest of a small group. A glaring light pierced the inky blackness of the upper tracks. The clattering bang of metal that needed oiling, mingled with the noisy clank of an unmelodious bell could be heard. Then, emerging from the gloom was the engine, black smoke belching out of its funnel-shaped chimney.

With a great shriek of brakes the obsolete old thing stopped with a jerk. The old-fashioned cars were filled to their capacity with those unable to spend the few days before Christmas at home.

When the grimy doors opened, they seethed out, some to their waiting relatives, other to the cabs, but most of them sped into the dark alone, thinking of the surprise and delight their arrival would bring to their friends and kin; while others, on their way to lonely hotel rooms, gazed with envy through windows at the gay festivity of the home.

The platform was soon deserted. The ticket agent snored noisily at his wicket. An occasional engine thundered by. And, far down the street was a group of carol-singers. Their sweet strains echoed and re-echoed through the peaceful scene.

"Noel Noel! Born is the King of Israel!"

A TALL TALE

Betty McIntyre, IVB

I was curled up in Dad's big arm-chair, deeply engrossed in a ghastly murder mystery, when someone knocked at the door. At first I was too frightened to move, and visions of horrible monsters carrying machine guns and sharp bolos raced through my terrified mind like mad.

"Oh, this is nonsense!" I scoffed. "Things like that only happen in penny novels," and I walked boldly to the door. It took all the courage I could muster to grasp the handle and fling the door wide open, and, I thought as I did so what my poor mother would think when she found my body in the hall and my head . . .

"Hi, Joan!" was the cheery greeting from the person at the door.

"M-Mary," I stammered, relieved.

"Oh! Oh! More murder mysteries, I

bet," she said nodding her head in that annoying way.

"Mary, this one is terrible. Come on in and I'll tell you about it."

"Was he knifed, shot or poisoned?" she queried.

"It's a girl, a beautiful girl who was kidnapped by some horrible gangsters and her mother and father were nearly frantic."

"Please go on," she pleaded.

"Well, the police searched for months without success and then one day someone found her body floating down the river. She had been shot and her neck was all tied up with wire."

"Hmm, they did that one up in style."

"Mary Watson, you exasperate me," I exploded.

"That reminds me of something that happened to two girls in this town about three years ago," Mary went on, not heeding my show of temper. "Did you hear about it?"

"Oh, no! Please tell me," I begged, feeling chills running up and down my spine at the thought of a real mystery in our own town.

"These two girls," Mary began, "were at the library one night and became very friendly with a couple of strange boys at one of the reading tables. The following night the girls received a telephone call, and the voice on the other end of the wire said, 'We're the fellows you met at the library last night, and we wondered if you would like to go for a ride with us?'"

Mary drew a deep breath and went on.

"So the time and place were arranged and when the girls got to the meeting-place they found a big limousine waiting for them at the curb."

"I'll bet it belonged to a big gangster," I interrupted.

"The girls climbed in," Mary went on, not heeding my interruption, "and to their horror they found themselves beside a couple of squat little Chinamen instead of their library acquaintances."

"How awful!"

"They were terribly frightened. One girl was wearing a very expensive ring which she offered to their captors if they would release them."

"Then what?" I gasped, edging forward in the chair.

"Well, one of the Chinamen grabbed the ring and commanded the chauffeur to drive into the country. When they came to a lonely spot on the road, they pushed the girls out and drove off in the car leaving them there."

"They didn't murder them?" I asked, disappointedly.

"No, but the girls had to make their

way back into town that night, and they were on the verge of hysteria when they reached home."

"Is that all?" I asked, a little impatient at the idea of it not being as gruesome as I had expected.

"No, some time later the same two girls were dining in one of our downtown restaurants. They had both ordered apple pie for dessert. One of the girls cut down into her pie and what do you think she found?"

"Mary!" I screamed. "Her ring?"

"No! . . . Apples!"

LAVENDER

Ross Dickey

It was the day before my mother's birthday and my friend, Ben Timberly, and I were down town trying to think of something I could buy her for a present.

"How about a pair of gloves?" suggested Ben. "A woman can always use a new pair."

"No," I said, "this has got to be a real present, something that she can wear any time."

"How about a pair of shoes?" Ben again suggested.

"No, that won't do either because I don't know what size of shoe she wears," I replied.

"Well, then, I know the very thing for her," Ben cried. "Some perfume! And I know the very kind and just where to get it."

"You finally hit upon something worth while," I said. "Where can I get it and what kind is it?"

"It's Lavender perfume," said Ben, "and you can get it at that new Lavender Shop that opened last Wednesday on Main Street."

Swiftly we went down a few more blocks until there, before us, stood a huge glass-fronted, black and white shop with a large "Lavender Perfume" sign hanging out in front. We entered and were met by an attractive young woman who asked us what she could do to help us.

"I was wondering if you could help me select a bottle of perfume for a middle-aged woman," I stated. "You see, to-morrow is her birthday and it needs to be something very special."

"I have the very thing," replied the clerk. "It's our 'Lavender De Luxe' and it only costs five dollars for this small bottle. Here, smell it, and judge for yourself."

She held the bottle below my nose and I inhaled a strong, sweet smelling aroma.

"That will do very nicely," I told her. "Wrap it up and I'll take it now."

I paid the girl and put the bottle in my coat pocket. Ben and I having completed our task, started for home.

As we hurried homewards we were obliged to watch our step because a light rain had made the streets very slippery. Since I had come over half way home without falling I suppose I became a bit careless and didn't think that it was necessary to take such great precaution. I had hardly gone a half a block, however, when I tripped on a curb and fell on the pavement.

"Take care," said Ben, as he rushed over and helped me to stand on my feet. "Or you'll break that bottle of perfume. Say, you didn't break it at that, did you, because I smell something very strong?"

I reached into my pocket and my hand came into contact with some broken pieces of glass and a wet, sticky substance. Sure enough, I had broken that bottle and the odour of "Lavender De Luxe" was spread around me.

"That's done it," said Ben. "Phew! what a stink! Walk on ahead will you? I can't stand the smell of that stuff."

I removed my coat and with it slung over my arm I renewed my journey home with Ben walking several yards behind me.

"Carry your coat for you Madam?" cried one of the amused people passing by.

"Where is the flower show, girlie?" yelled another.

"What perfume company are you advertising for?" shouted another.

One old lady even had the nerve to ask me what kind of perfume it was and where she could buy it because she liked it so well.

With these embarrassing remarks to make me uncomfortable, I finally arrived home with my face as red as a beet.

"What ever is that smell?" inquired my mother, as I entered the house. I explained it all to her as best I could and then ran to my room to take off my suit.

I hung it out in the air for about a week to see if the smell would go away and seeing that it did not help matters very much I sent the suit to the cleaners to see if they could do anything about it.

The cleaners returned the suit nicely pressed and cleaned, but still a little of the aroma remained. At last, thinking away.

that it was useless, I threw the suit

So ever since I have never liked the smell of Lavender.



LYLE WHITHAM, Sports Editor

All boys' sports are under the supervision of Mr. M. L. Troy, B.A., who coaches all the teams with occasional assistance of a senior player.

Speaking on behalf of the players on the senior teams I would like to thank Coach Troy for spending his time and, at times, his money for our benefit.

It is not only as coach and players

that we come in contact, but as the best of friends. The only return that he asks is that each boy under him will develop into a clean-cut, courageous, honest young man. There is no need to say what a grand job he is doing; that is very evident.

Once again from the boys and myself I would like to say, "Thank you, Sir."



EXECUTIVES OF THE ATHLETIC SOCIETIES

Back Row: Tom Frair, Glen Whitham, M. L. Troy
Front Row: Marguerite Lafrance, Beverly Gunn, Marion Alford

GYMNASTICS

The gymnastic team plays an important part in our annual open nights and cadet inspections. The team spends many hours in practice during the year and is deserving of the praise that is heaped upon it by the onlookers. Last year the inspecting cadet officer commended the boys for their daring feats and wonderful display.

Ross Charlton, captain, is the outstanding member of the team and leads the following boys through their paces: R. McCambley, E. Beattie, F. Beattie, C. McManus, E. Byrnes, P. Jennings, G. Kirk, I. Martyn and H. Hughes.

Two other boys will be chosen to round out this year's 12-man squad.

HOCKEY JUNIOR "B"

As usual the Collegiate entered a team in the North Bay Hockey Association this year and it turned out to be one of the best teams the Collegiate has had for years. There were only four players from last year's team; the rest of the team consisted of players of juvenile age.

There were five teams entered in the city league this year, while a sixth team was granted a bye into the finals.

The green and white went through the entire schedule and play-offs without one defeat.

Scollard Hall came through second in the league and met Sturgeon Falls, the privileged squad, in a sudden-death semi-final. Sturgeon Falls won this game but lost out to our boys in the final, 5 to 2.

Thus the green and white recaptured the championship and The Nugget Shield.

As a result of this triumph, the Collegians earned the right to enter Northern Ontario Junior "B" play-offs. In a very close game with Falconbridge they were defeated 4 to 3; having led all the way through the game, they were nosed out at the very end.

The players: Goal, H. Devlin; Defence, L. Whitham, R. Pelletier; Centre, D. Hall; Forwards, R. Sibbitt, T. Frair; Alternates, F. Ringler, G. Kirk, B. Cummings, J. Duff, K. Wagner, G. Cockburn, J. Finnigan, B. Marshall and E. O'Donnell.

JUVENILE

Coached by Rene Pelletier, defence star with the senior squad, with Mr. McCann as manager, the Juveniles gave a splendid account of themselves, showing plenty of promise. While they did not make the finals most of their games were very close. As was shown by this year's senior team, the Juveniles will be

in demand at a later date. The team: A. Cushing, Y. Guenette, M. Guppy, G. Cummings, R. Valenti, E. Valenti, E. Gigg, R. Conroy, F. West, Ranger, Wilson, Mantha.

MIDGET

The Midgets did not win their league title but made the games extremely close. The school's youngest players were big and fast with a surprising amount of hockey knowledge. The Juveniles should be well supplied with top-notch players next year.

The team: Thompson, Kilgour, M. Corner, Maxwell, Johnson, Santary, Carr, Gauthier, H. Whitham, Meisenheimer, W. Frair, Hanna.

INTERSCHOLASTIC HOCKEY

In this field of hockey the Seniors had to drop two regulars.

The first obstacle was Sturgeon Falls and on outdoor rinks each school took a game by a two-goal margin. Then at the arena the Sturgeonites were walloped 7-2.

Kapuskasing, having previously defeated Iroquois Falls, Cochrane and Kirkland Lake, met our team in what was probably the best interscholastic game ever played in this city. Bolstered by a very large crowd, exceptional support from the student body, courage and the incentive to win, the school team won 3-1. The victory brought to us the Ennis Cup, emblematic of the Northern Ontario championship, for the first time.

The team travelled to London for the Ontario Secondary Schools Association championship tournament. Three teams besides our own competed. They were Ottawa St. Patrick's College, Albert College from Belleville and Windsor Assumption College.

The first night Ottawa St. Pats beat the green and white 2-1 and Windsor defeated Belleville 5-3. The following day Ottawa went on to win the title by virtue of an easy 9-5 win over Windsor. Our boys took Belleville 9-1 in an easier match. The closest game of the tournament was Ottawa's 2-1 win. It was as close as could be. The score by periods was 0-0, 1-1, 2-1 and the play was even closer. With two minutes to go, a goal, which would have tied the score, was disallowed. Although defeated the Collegians completely won the London crowd and had them cheering their every move.

INTERFORM HOCKEY

The surprising thing about the junior shield is that the First Formers have taken it from the older Second Formers three out of four times. This year 1E took it from 2B Voc. They beat their



SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

N.O.S.S.A. Champions—North Bay and District Junior Champions

Back Row: M. L. Troy, Lyle Whitham, Tom Frair, Capt. Bill Cummings, Howard Devlin,
Andre Rivet, Ross Sibbitt, George Cockburn

Front Row: Don Hall, Jim Duff, Gordon Kirk, Bob Marshall,
Rene Pelletier, Elwood O'Donnell



JUVENILE TEAM LIONS HOCKEY LEAGUE

Back Row: Mark Guppy, Ed. Gigg, Gerald Wilson, Richard Valenti, Yvon Guenette
Front Row: Bob Conroy, Al. Cushing, Mr. E. A. McCann, George Cummings, Fred West

older opponents 4-0, then lost to them 4-2 but won on the round 6-4. They are worthy champs.

Commercial teams are always in the swim for the senior shield. (It usually is a swim by the time they get to the finals.)

Interform hockey is known of course for its "roughnecks," its two or three stars who score most of the goals, its test of endurance and courage, to say nothing of the practical jokers. Yet none get more fun than the individual interform player. This term 3 Commercial outfought 3C Collegiate and copped all the glory and a fair share of the bruises. These two teams each took a game by the same score, 4-3. Then a protest was raised and 3C were forced to drop an ineligible player, Patrick Jennings. Third Commercial won the final game 4-2, the Collegians withering under the fire of all Commercial's imports.

BASKETBALL

Northern Ontario Intermediate "B" Basketball

There was a four-team race for the Fosdick Cup in Senior City League basketball. The Collegiate entered two teams, the "A's" and the "B's" so that this would

be possible. The winner was to enter the Northern Ontario Basketball Championship playdowns but as time did not allow the completion of the schedule a special elimination series was arranged. Collegiate A's were victorious but lost two straight games to Sudbury Incos in a total points to count series. The city league playoffs are not over at the time of this writing but the "A" team, who finished first in the schedule, are favored to win them.

"A" Team: Guards, G. Whitham and T. Frair; Centre, G. Barrett; Forwards, W. Gigg and W. Cummings; Alternates, G. Fennell, E. Byrnes.

"B" Team: Guards, J. Wyatt and R. Marshall; Centre, W. Blakely; Forwards, C. Weegar and C. McParland; Alternates, K. Frair and R. Conroy.

INTERMEDIATE CITY LEAGUE

The intermediates finished last and were not in the playoffs although they were close to the third spot in the four-team race. St. John's defeated C.Y.O. in the final.

The team: F. Cherico, M. Guppy, L. Otto, R. Harris, I. Martyn, Y. Guenette, R. Weegar, J. Wigston, J. Durrell.



MIDGET TEAM—LIONS HOCKEY LEAGUE

Back Row: George Thompson, Murray Corner, Gordon Kilgour, Eugene Gauthier, Bill Frair, M. L. Troy

Front Row: Robert Carr, Allan Johnson, Stanley Maxwell, Harry Whitham

INTERSCHOLASTIC

The usual tournament was abandoned this year in favor of elimination playoffs. Noranda and Kirkland Lake squared off and Noranda took the long series. They in turn were beaten by Timmins High School. On March 30 the school "A" team, strengthened with Jim Wyatt, Cecil McParland and Carl Weegar from the "B" team, defeated Timmins up north by the score 37-27. This win recaptured the Patton Cup, emblematic of Northern Ontario Interscholastic Basketball supremacy, for the green and white.

INTERFORM

The junior interform shield was won by IIC Collegiate. They defeated each of the other form teams entered in their division.

The senior winners have not been declared but IIC Collegiate are undefeated as yet. IVC Collegiate have only been beaten once and that by a 7-6 score in a hectic wrestling match. It should be a good series before a champ is declared.

RUGBY

Practically all the work, time and worry was concentrated on the senior squad last fall with hopes of recapturing the Poupore Cup. The green and white certainly had a formidable team, starting out with four straight wins and compiling what is believed to be a record. In the first four games, two of which were exhibition, the opposition was outscored 75-2.

EXHIBITION

The start of the season was at home, with New Liskard the guests. Final score 29-1 and the fellows were on their way.

Thanksgiving Day it was a town team. Final score 15-0 with play a little closer than the score indicates.

INTERSCHOLASTIC

The Collegiate machine functioned smoothly and easily took the first two games by 13-1 and 18-0 scores from the best team Sturgeon Falls has ever entered. No punches were pulled in this



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

N.O.S.S.A. Champions—City League Champions

Back Row: George Fennell, Earl Byrnes, Wilf Gigg, Jim Wyatt,
George Barrett, M. L. Troy

Front Row: Carl Weegar, Glen Whitham (Capt.), Tom Frair, Bill Cummings,
Cecil McParland



THE "B" BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: Ken Frair, Bob Conroy, Jim Wigston, Bob Marshall, Jim Wyatt
 Front Row: Wallace Blakely, Carl Weegar, Cecil McParland

series. Two star seniors were injured in an exhibition game at New Liskeard and this started the parade. Sturgeon copped the next game 11-10 at home. It was not only our team's first loss but the results were disastrous. Only a skeleton few of the original team were in shape after this game. However, the survivors put up an exceedingly plucky fight and new stars were born. They not only took another game from Sturgeon, 5-0, but sailed through Haileybury in the semi-final, 10-0. Practically all of the regulars were back for the final against Kirkland Lake but were still sadly injured. Our northern opponents won the game 6-0 and the Poupore Cup for the first time. They earned their win on the play and we offer our congratulations to the new winners.

Only one junior fixture was played this year and that in New Liskeard. The northerners won this 13-1. However, more should be said about the Juniors. They provided opposition for the Seniors in practice sessions. Because they were

smaller, lighter and naturally not as experienced, they suffered a great deal but always came back for more. Next year Juniors, you will be the Seniors, so cheer up, your job is well done.

Senior Team	Position	Junior Team
L. Whitham	Halfback	G. Stevens
F. Frair		B. Carr
L. Reardon		C. McManus
G. Whitham	Quarterback	W. Blakeley
W. Cummings	Flying Wing	W. Gigg
K. Frair	Inside	R. McLean
F. Chericco		M. Guppy
R. Pelletier	Middle	J. Gartshore
R. Wyatt	Outside	J. Durrell
Y. Guennette		H. Bondett
R. Johnson	Snap	C. Corner
P. Brousseau	Alternates	F. Ranger
P. Marceau		W. Wright
R. Jennings		A. Cushing
R. Marshall		
J. Hubbard		
A. Duquette		
A. Demarco		
C. Corner		

TRACK AND FIELD

The District Track and Field Meet was held here last spring. The school team placed second to Sudbury High School in the final standing.

In the senior division George Barrett led the home team with firsts in the hop, step and jump and the shot put. A. Michaud placed third in the latter event. Tommy Frair took the high jump nicely. The senior relay team of L. Vinette, T. Frair, L. Whitham and George Barrett won their event, the mile relay.

Bob Marshall and Rene Pelletier took firsts in the intermediate division, winning the high jump and 12-pound shot put

respectively. Ian Martyn placed third in two events while the relay team won the 880-yard run. P. Moorhouse, I. Martyn, J. Durrell and W. Blakely were the victors.

Our only winner in junior ranks was Mark Guppy who took the eight-pound shot put. Six boys went to the Ontario Athletic Commission camp at Lake Couchiching.

The annual field day brought forth worthy champions:

Senior—George "Pinky" Barrett.

Intermediate—Bob Marshall.

Junior—George Cummings.

Special Class—Harry Whitham.



GIRLS' JUNIOR CHAMPION BASKETBALL TEAM: IIA COMM.
Back Row: Myrtle Thomson, Ruby Doran, E. DiBartolomeo, Helen Tyers
Front Row: Eunice Knight, Mary Duquette, Lorna Brown, Dorothy Ferris

GIRLS' SPORTS

Beverley Gunn

The first events of the year in girls' sports were on the school's annual Field Day. This is an event which is enthusiastically awaited by everyone and when it comes there is always a large number of contestants who enter into it.

This year there was a very large number of girls who entered into the various events. Competition throughout the day was very keen and it is only by a small margin that the winners received their prizes.

The junior title was won by Ethel Fodor and Frances Smith.

The intermediate title was won by Clara Johnson.

The senior title was won by Beverley Gunn.

Each one of these girls was presented

with a shield at the Commencement Exercises which were held in the early fall.

Frances Smith, who obtained the highest number of points, spent two weeks at the O.A.C. camp where she received valuable training.

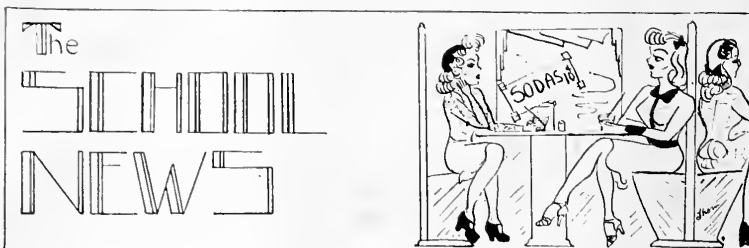
BASKETBALL

Throughout the year the girls took part in basketball games in preparation for the tournament which takes place about the end of the winter season. The various forms compete with each other for the inter-form championship. This year 4A Collegiate won the senior title, and 2A Collegiate won the junior title. The girls played their best in all the games and the basketball games were really worth seeing.



SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS—IVA

Back Row: Violet Soule, Norma Herman, Marion Alford, Edythe Wharram, Marie Connell
Front Row: Isabel Cherry, D. Kannegiesser, Eunice Watling



Ethel Locke

In the school year 1939-40, many distinguished and interesting speakers addressed the pupils of our school.

The first of these was Father Humphrey, who spoke to the students on Armistice Day. His message was in keeping with the times, dealing with the effect of the present war on the Armistice Day proceedings.

At Christmas, Father Jarvis delivered a lovely message, urging us not to lose sight of the meaning of Christmas in the holiday time ahead of us.

In the new year, the field secretary of the Red Cross, Miss Hollinger, came to the school. She urged the organization of Red Cross groups in the school to enable us to do our part in the war work.

Dr. Fox, principal of the University of Western Ontario, was our next visitor. He gave an interesting talk on Education,

saying it was too bewildering to be crystallized into a definition. He stated that teachers do not educate us, but merely give the atmosphere most encouraging for us to educate ourselves. Dr. Fox closed with a quotation from the works of Leonardo de Vinci that set many heads to thinking: "All good things are given to us, O God, at the price of labor."

An inspiring speaker was Harvey Lynes, field secretary of the Institute of the Blind. Mr. Lynes urged us to take care of our eyes, our most precious possession.

Again, as in past years, Mr. Dunlap came to us from the University of Toronto to tell us about the courses the university has to offer. He said that it is important for young people to make a choice of an occupation early and find out if they are fitted for it.



SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

Back Row: D. McBurney, Earl Byrnes (Pres.), Jim Wigston, Bob Conroy, Albert Secor, Mr. Foster

Front Row: Doreen Nichols, Marian Aitken, Muriel Watson, Helen Carfagnini, Eileen Johns, Sylvia Rubinovich

Absent: G. Cummings, Pat Jennings, Bert Willoughby



THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Back Row: Howard Hughes, Harold Cherry, Bill Keech (Pres.), Bob Tiernay, Jim Martin
Front Row: Betty Lewis, Shirley Caley, Corinne Runnalls

THE STUDENTS' ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL

Bill Keech

The Students' Council, after paying bills accumulated by the previous council, began the year with a small deficit. However, the last council went to considerable expense in improving the school rink, thus saving the present council a good sum of money.

The council fees were slightly higher than last year, although not as yet up to the standard that they should be.

The Annual School Dance was held on Friday, January 19, in the new Gymnasium. The dance had a fair attendance but was not a financial success.

On February 29, and March 1, the annual School Play, "The Sweetest Girl in Town," was presented under the auspices of the council, and under the joint direction of Miss M. E. Wales, Miss P. L. Morgan, and Mr. S. W. M. Hardwick. The musical comedy was one of the most successful plays put on at the school. The auditorium was filled to capacity both nights, and many persons were unable to obtain seats.

The rugby and basketball teams financed by the council were very success-

ful this year. The basketball team won the N.O.S.S.A. tournament at Timmins, and competed for the interscholastic championship of Ontario at Ottawa. Our hockey team won the Ennis Cup, and competed for the Ontario interscholastic championship at London.

So far this year has been very successful for the Students' Council, and there is every indication that it will continue to be so.

The executive for the Students' Council as elected were:

President, Bill Keech;

Vice-President, Ruth Haggart;

Secretary-Treasurer, Ray Johnson.

Immediately after election, Ray Johnson stopped school, and Delna Gibson was appointed Secretary - Treasurer. Then Delna obtained work, so Dorothy Studholme was appointed to fill the position.

THE SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

The Senior Literary Society has had a most successful year during 1939-40, both in entertainment and financially.

The first activity of the season was the Annual Hullabaloo, held Friday, November 3. A further report of this

enjoyable affair appears elsewhere in the magazine.

The first general meeting was held on December 20, in the form of a radio programme, with Pat Jennings and Dwight McBurney taking turns as Masters of Ceremonies. Special Commercial and Form V were jointly responsible for the meeting.

The January meeting was presented by 3A, 3B and 3C, under the direction of Miss Jackson and Miss Hamer. The main feature of this programme was a one-act play entitled "The Thought Machine."

The senior Oratorical Contest was held March 13 and was won by Ezio Capadocia who represented N. B. C. I. & V. S. in the district meeting on March 15 and won the cup for our school.

Mrs. Hocy and Mr. Firth presented the April meeting on Thursday, the 11th, selecting their talent from 4A and 4B. It was in the form of several musical numbers and a one-act play entitled "Brothers in Arms."

Several tea dances proved quite profitable to the Society, and to the Swing Club Orchestra.

The executive is very proud to have

been able to give \$40 towards the motion picture machine.

THE EXECUTIVE

Honorary President—Mr. T. Foster
President—Earl Byrnes
Vice-President—Dwight McBurney
Secretary-Treasurer—Muriel Watson
Pianist—Bert Willoughby

THE TEA DANCES

Three tea dances have been held this year, in the girls' gymnasium. Music was supplied by the Swing Club Orchestra comprised of George Justice, Bert Willoughby, Frank Cherico and Walter Rosevear.

Everyone thoroughly enjoyed these informal affairs which lasted for three hours on Friday afternoons, after four o'clock.

At the tea dance on November 24, the senior pupils of the school presented Mr. and Mrs. S. W. M. Hardwick with a lamp table as a wedding gift to the "newlyweds." The presentation was made by Muriel Watson in the absence of Earl Byrnes.

I know I am expressing the wish of all the students when I say, "Here's to more Tea Dances!"



JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

Back Row: E. Hayes, N. Orton, V. Saunders, Miss Walton, F. Roocroft, D. Montemurro
Front Row: M. Loney, G. McGaughey, D. Lewis, L. Beattie, W. Caley, B. Brown, E. Firth



THE GIRLS' CAMERA CLUB

Back Row: Ruth Rankin, Ruby Parr, Jean McGaughey, Norma Herman, Frances Smith
 Front Row: Rose Cerisano, Margaret Stitt, Jean Stewart, Doris Axler, Miss Jackson



BOYS' CAMERA CLUB

Back Row: Herman, Beaumont, Keizer, Stuart, Papineau, White, Johnston,
 Fricker, Hayes
 Front Row: Otto, Mr. McCann, Elliott, Cherry, Secor, Mr. Clipsham

THE GIRLS' CAMERA CLUB

Jean Stewart

The study of photography forms an interesting part of the pleasures of several girls in the school. The Coltek Camera Club—the girls' division has Jean McGaughey as president, Ruby Parr as vice-president and Jean Stewart as secretary-treasurer—has been thriving this year under the able supervision of Miss Jackson.

In the fall term every member learned how to develop and print her own films. Before the Christmas holidays several members made interesting "Foto" Christmas cards for their friends.

Since the new enlarger was established in the dark room, the members have been working faithfully after school and have succeeded in obtaining some very good enlargements. The girls hope to learn how to colour their pictures before the end of the school year.

SKIING

This year saw an unprecedented success for the ski enthusiasts in the school. The skiers had several successful moonlight hikes.

The most important thing as far as we are concerned is that our skiers won the Central Ontario Interscholastic Ski Cham-

pionship Meet by virtue of having the most points in the final standing. All the more credit is due them because they took a very small team to Huntsville where the meet was held. However we take an added interest in the Northern Ontario and Ontario Championship Ski Meets because the members of the team were much to the fore in both.

At the interscholastic events at Huntsville, Jim Wyatt won the senior slalom, the combined downhill and slalom and placed eighth in the cross-country. Fred Beattie won the senior jumping, the combined jumping and cross-country, placed third in the senior slalom and fifth in the senior downhill. Jack Durrell tied for first place in the intermediate downhill, took second in the cross-country and fourth in the jumps. Phil Owen took second spot in the senior downhill. Phil also placed second in the senior jumping and fourth in the cross-country to give him second ranking in the combined jumping and cross-country. Don Beattie, junior, was third in the combined jumping and cross-country.

Jim "Doc" Wyatt, number one member of the team, had a little tough luck at the Ontario meet but emerged from the contests at Temiskaming as senior slalom champion of Northern Ontario. Edgar Beattie, who was unable to travel



SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Back row: J. Durrell, S. Brown, F. Cherico, E. Byrnes, E. Murphy, W. Rosevear, J. Martin, T. Celentino, F. Calarco

Front Row: S. W. M. Hardwick, M. Schneebalg, H. Judd, I. Simkin, D. Graham, S. Bamford, E. Beattie

Absent: Lyall Beattie



JUNIOR RED CROSS

Back Row: Daile Shaw; Wilma Cliff, Reg Peverly, Marion Ferguson, R. Zimballate
 Second Row: Grace McGaughey, E. Bishop, Joan McGregor, Betty Stockdale
 Front Row: Marg McKinnon, Del Winters, Constance Spencer

to Huntsville for the school meet, and brother Fred did exceptionally well at both meets. Phil Owen and Earl Byrnes also deserve honorable mention for their parts in these contests.

THE COOKING DEPARTMENT

A word of commendation should be said for Miss Bennett and the girls of the Vocational Department who on several occasions provided refreshments at school functions. Among these were Commencement, the District Oratorical Contest, the Annual School Play, the School Dance, the Hockey Banquet, and the Rugby Banquet. The chief project of this department was the dinner served for the Regional Conference of the O.S.S.T.F. On all these occasions a great deal of labour was involved. The cordial thanks of the entire school is due Miss Bennett and the girls for their splendid efforts.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

Miriam Schneebalg, IIIA Coll.

In our school, there actually exists a society which not only affords pleasant

afternoons to its members but also helps them considerably when it comes to giving oral compositions. This is the Debating Society.

This year under the able leadership of Miss L. Hamer and our president, Ross Charlton, we progressed considerably. The members although not numerous could without exception announce in their turn the weekly meetings, to the assembled school, without any noticeable agitation. Current events were debated by all with a will and our enunciation was improved by the numerous drills in rhythm. There were also the spelling matches and quiz programmes, during which the members tried their best, as if their lives depended upon it.

Two members, Sadie Hockman, winner of the Verse Speaking Contest, and Ezio Cappadocia, champion of the Northern Ontario Oratorical Contest, brought honor to the Debating Society and proved its merit.

Our sincere thanks go out to Miss L. Hamer, who gave her valuable aid during critical times and who never spared us encouragement.

THE SCHOOL PLAY

Gordon Burnett



THE CAST OF "THE SWEETEST GIRL IN TOWN"

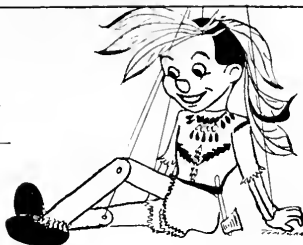
"The Sweetest Girl in Town," a modern musical comedy, found enthusiastic favor with the citizens of North Bay when it was held in the School Auditorium on Thursday and Friday nights, February 29 and March 1. Under the capable guidance and instructions of Miss Wales, Miss Morgan and Mr. Hardwick, the play proved to be a great success, selling to capacity audiences both nights. The lyrics were witty and bright and the music was unusually tuneful, the theme song, "The Sweetest Girl in Town," being one of the most lilting melodies written in recent years. Then there was the delightful satirical song, "Since I Listened to My Radio," the comic trio, "I Should Say So," the melodic "Since I First Met You," the tinkling "A Thousand Years From Now," and many others. Mr. Charles George, author and composer, has outdone himself in composing this unusually good vocal score.

The libretto contained screamingly funny farce situations, to which each member contributed. The scene is a reception room in a smart summer hotel, and briefly the story concerns the romance of young Harry Hart, (Gordon Burnett) for Jackie Sweet (Ethel Locke), a manicurist. Harry's father, Lyon Hart (Reginald McCambly) has made a million with Hart's Famous Mustard Sauce and Mrs. Hart (Charlotte Ross), his mother, is determined to use their wealth to achieve great social position. She is the

"boss" of the family and insists that her son marry Truly Hunting (Jessie Moore), a girl who is long on background but short on cash, and who desires to make a financially advantageous marriage. Mrs. Hart determines to break off Harry's engagement to Jackie and has Jackie discharged from her position in the hotel. While at college, Harry's roommate and pal was young Jack Stewart (Douglas Becks) whose initials happen to be the same as Jackie's, so Harry concocts a scheme to have Jackie impersonate his pal and pay him a visit. In Act Two we find Jackie looking very trim in boy's clothes and being adored by all the girls, especially Harry's mother. All goes well until the REAL Jack Stewart puts in his appearance. Riotously funny complications then develop, but everything is straightened out satisfactorily with the aid of Mr. Hart who gives his consent to the marriage between Jackie and Harry and convinces Mrs. Hart to take the same attitude. There are several amusing romances running through the play, including Willie Love, (Malcolm McDonald), a romantic young thing, also a comic Doctor Quack (Clifford Alger) who tried to escape the attention of Mrs. Lotta Doe (Sylvia Rubinovich), a wealthy widow with imaginary ills.

The orchestra under the direction of Mr. Hardwick took a large part in making this year's "School Play" a memorable and unforgettable success.

The MARIONETTE Club



Walford Reeves

At the beginning of the school term, Mr. Carrington aroused the spark of genius hidden in some of the students for the making of Marionettes. Thirty students turned out, all eager and with great expectations. Junior and senior groups were organized. Some of the most prominent of the plays to be put on were, "The Wizard of Oz," "Frankenstein" and "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." Enthusiasm had no bounds, but—the boys had to sew! This dampened their spirits for a while but they did a good job. The carving of the heads was not so hard but it took patience and skill. They were well rewarded for their efforts when they finished. If you entered Mr. Carrington's room while marionette work was in progress, you would probably hear such things as this, "Have you got your head with you?" "Don't leave your leg over there, someone may walk away with it." "Who kicked all the stuffings out of my body?" The woodshop, with the help of Mr. Anderson, have made a perfect stage; one in which the marionettes will be proud to appear. When the marionette show is put on, join the crowd and enjoy the fun. The age limit is from three to eighty-three.

THE THREE MUST—GET—THEIRS

THE CAST

1. Neville Chamberlain. He is wearing morning coat, top hat and is carrying an umbrella.
2. Benito Mussolini. He is dressed as Caesar.
3. Adolf Hitler. Dressed as Napoleon.
4. News Boy.

THE SETTINGS

This scene takes place at a friendly(?) meeting in London. The war has been carried on for several months and the three great powers are preparing to discuss the situation.

The scene opens with Mussolini and

Hitler in earnest conversation at an open table on one of the streets of downtown London.

THE SCENE

Hitler: "Well Benito, old boy, I guess we have Chamberlain, the old fossil, pretty well rattled. As far as I can see he's at his wits end trying to figure out where he stands."

Mussolini: "Yes, Brother Adolf, I suppose so, but you see, I don't know just what to—"

Hitler: (Interrupting) "Oh, I understand, but nevertheless, remember, we FRIENDS must fight together. Recall those famous words that Caesar once spoke, 'I came. I saw. I conquered.'"

Mussolini: "True enough my friend, Caesar once said, 'I came. I saw. I conquered,' but what the deuce could he do with these pesky Britishers? Why, a man can't tell an honest lie or break a foolish convention without Chamberlain stamping his foot and saying (mocking Chamb.) 'I say old boy, poor sportsmanship you know. Really, I didn't think you were such a jolly cad!'"

Hitler: "True. True enough. You have hit upon a delicate subject but, dear friend, while your honour, (ahem) is shamed, I, Hitler, Father of Germany, slowly starve. Och, it breaks my heart to think of the good old days before these murdering Britishers began this horrible war. However, they insisted on war, so I must fight."

Mussolini: "Of course. I will supply you with grapes and some spaghetti, but Adolf, we have more German beer than we can drink, and I'm sick of playing mouth organs."

Hitler: "Look, you worm, you signed a pact with me, and you'll keep it if

I have to take your country from you!"

Mussolini: "But Adolf, you've broken so many treaties that I thought——"

Hitler: "Who cares what you thought! If I wish to break a treaty I'll break it. But listen my friend, be careful who you are talking to. You are not speaking to that little puppet Chamberlain."

Mussolini: "I'll have you know, sir, that I am just as good a treaty breaker as you are!"

Hitler: "All right, all right, calm down. The idea is, that we have to guard ourselves against this outlawed English race and their—*their Umbrella Man*. We can only do this by the closest friendship. CAN'T we, Benito?"

Mussolini: "Yes—ahem—yes—of—course—er—Dear Adolf, but my people you know are——"

Hitler: "Whose people?"

Mussolini: "Well, er—that is, our people do not feel like playing with this English Bulldog we hear so much about. It has rather a firm grip in the world you know, and although it doesn't do a lot of barking as we do, the old saying still goes, that a barking dog never bites. Especially an UNDERFERD one."

Hitler: "Enough of that nonsense. I believe in action. I'll show you the way. Let's—oh—shh—" (Enter Chamberlain) Rise, salute.

Chamberlain: "Why, I say there, this is a surprise! I really didn't expect you so early. I would have been here before but the Cricket Matches detained me, and we had so much to discuss on the outcome of our series. Did you gentlemen have something on your mind?"

Hitler and Mussolini: Coughing uncomfortably, try to talk at once—(Both) "Ahem—er—why nothing of importance Mr. Chamberlain."

Hitler: Well—er—sit down my friend. Our countries may be at war but we must be friends."

Mussolini: "Yes, you old—ahem—you old pal. Sit down. Have some tea?"

Chamberlain: "Well, I have dined gentlemen I trust you have too?"

Hitler: "No, we haven't. I have not been accustomed to dining heavily. The war and business and—well, I have been cutting down somewhat on my meals. Doctor's orders you know."

Chamberlain: "Hmm, Doctor Goebbels, I presume."

Hitler: "Why no, no, my personal physician. The strain and all that you know."

Chamberlain: "Yes, yes I know . . ."

Mussolini: "Well gentlemen, the discussion of the Balkan States was to be our topic. Herr Hitler, would you express your views?"

Hitler: "To be frank, I need the Balkans, but I do not intend to take them by military force. I would not dream of that."

Chamberlain: "Unconsciously, I suppose."

Hitler: "What was that?"

Chamberlain: "I said that was gracious of you."

Hitler: "Oh. That's fine. So gentlemen, to relieve tension I can be depended upon to stay clear of the Balkans. Do I make myself clear and understood?"

Chamberlain: "Yes, clear but not understood. You see, Adolf, I know you."

Mussolini: "May I have an opportunity of speaking my views?"

Hitler: "Whose views?"

Mussolini: "Well—er—I was trying to tell Mr. Chamberlain, that Italy was not in a position to worry him, but if——"

Hitler: (Interrupting) "But if the need be you will stand by Germany. WON'T you, Benito?"

Mussolini: "Well I was trying to say that——"

Hitler: "Yes, I know what you were trying to say, but don't. I think you had an appointment to keep. DIDN'T you?"

Mussolini: "Oh, yes, that's quite right. I must be going."

Chamberlain: "Well, that's too bad old man, but we will get together some day soon. Won't we?"

Mussolini: "Why, yes. Well—er—good-bye gentlemen." (Exit Muss.)

Hitler: "The worm. My best friend and I can't trust him. You know, Neville, old boy, the two of us should sneak in and get both the Balkans and Italy, then split the spoils."

Chamberlain: "Really, I hadn't thought of it. But remember, you must live up to your pledge."

Hitler: "Oh yes, yes, of course, I forgot. Stupid of me."

Chamberlain: "Yes, it was rather. No less than ordinary of course."

Hitler: "I beg your pardon."

Chamberlain: "I said, it wouldn't be possible."

Hitler: "Oh, no, I guess not. Well, dear friend, I must be going. I have an appointment with my doctor."

Chamberlain: "Dr. Goebbels?"

Hitler: "All right, Dr. Goebbels. Good-bye."

Chamberlain: (Sitting by himself) "Well, the velvet hand was exposed, but I

wonder if the hidden one wasn't an iron claw."

Enter Mussolini

Mussolini: "Mr. Chamberlain, I just had to see you before I left. You see, Hitler has been forcing my hand and making demands on me."

Chamberlain: "Really. From the conversation I would never dream it. You appeared to be so friendly."

Mussolini: "On the surface. On the surface, that's all.

Oh Mighty Caesar, pardon my seeking aid, but the day has come when I must get help.

Can't you understand Mr. Chamberlain?"

Chamberlain: "Yes, of course, I understand. You were thinking that WE should go against GERMANY?"

Mussolini: "Exactly! Exactly! How did you ever think of it?"

Chamberlain: "Oh, things come to me like that you know. It's the English kind of mental telepathy. We always can tell what the other fellow is thinking and then we just beat him to it."

Mussolini: "Oh, is that right?"—

Chamberlain: "But don't look so worried, Benito, my boy."

Mussolini: "Oh, I'm not. I just thought maybe we had better postpone any arrangements until later."

Chamberlain: "Yes, a very good idea. You run along and mind your P's and Q's and let the 'old fossil' take care of things. And, he will."

Mussolini: "Yes—Well, good-bye and remember, I'm your friend."

Chamberlain: "Yes, I know. I have two great friends like you. Nice fellows."

Exit, Mussolini

Chamberlain: (Leaving the stage) (laughing) (ha, ha) "My English sense of friendship has been seriously strained. If shifty eyes portray the mind, I still want a firm hand on my umbrella. It waves in the air; floats on the ocean and covers the ground. And false friendship will not open it, so as to take anyone else into its folds."

Exit Chamberlain

(Enter News Boy)

"EXTRA! EXTRA! Hitler invades Balkans, Mussolini in turmoil, Britain stands firm."

"BEATEN BY A BABY"

CAST

Popeye—Olive Oyl and Judy Wimple

SCENE

Interior of Olive's Home

Olive's voice: (off stage): "Now, Mrs. Wimple, don't hurry at all; for you may have bad luck, and find them all in—you never can tell. I once took a course in kindergarten, and I know all about children. Just patience and a little tact, and there you are.

Come to me Judy, Mummy wants to go. Look out! (chidingly) Now you've pulled your Mother's skirt all crooked, and broken her beads. Those cheap things never were any good. I think you had better run while I get her a-t-t-e-n-t-i-o-n."

Judy and Olive coming on stage (right) and crossing to window: "There's a horsey going by—would Judy like the horsey?"

Judy: "Ta-ta."

Olive: "You would, well—er, I think we had better play something."

Judy: "Want horsey, you said I could."

Olive: "I know I did, but—"

Judy: "Spptt."

Olive: "That's very naughty—girls don't spit."

Knock on door.

Judy: "Door."

Olive: "All right, now you stay here while I see who's there." (exit left) Door opening (sound)

Olive: (off stage) "Why! Popeye! How nice to see—"

Judy wandering around the room, knocks over vase (breaks). Olive and Popeye entering (right).

Olive: "Oh, what have you done now? My beautiful antique vase, you dreadf—, now, don't cry again, or has she cried before? And what do you want, Popeye?" (exasperated).

Popeye: "I got a proposition—er, a proposal for you. Gosh, Olive, I'm tough outside, but I got a tender heart. You know I have."

Judy: "I want some candy."

Popeye: "And I want Olive Oyl." (whisper).

Olive: "An' I want her to shut up." (Olive gives Judy a chocolate from bowl on table)

Popeye: "Will that keep her quiet while I make me proposition—me proposal? Will you—won't you—don't you—"

think you ought to—Look at that kid."

(Judy on table has climbed, and is eating more chocolates)

Popeye: (Taking bowl) "Just like taking candy from a kid."

Olive: "What do you want to ask me, Popeye?"

Popeye: "Oh yes, I was goin' to ast ya—Who got ya to mind that kid?"

Judy: "Popeye, tell me a story."

Popeye: "I want to tell Olive one, if you'll stay quiet."

Olive: "You know, Popeye, about five more minutes of this, and I'll be a raving lunatic."

Popeye: "You mean you'll be raving, an' I'll be a lunatic."

Judy: "What's a loonatic?"

Popeye: "It's a guy wot comes wit' a proposition—a proposal when his sweetie is minding a brat."

Olive: "And it's a misguided woman, who, in the goodness of her heart, offered to amuse a small child while her mother went out calling."

Popeye: (exit right) "I think I had better write."

Olive: "Tell me what you are going to write before you go, Popeye."

Judy: "I want a story."

Olive: "Oh, very well. Once upon a time, there was—"

Judy: "What makes your chin go up and down when you talk?"

Olive: "That's a silly question. Now listen. Once upon a time there was

a great big man, and he had a little girl."

Judy: "Was she like me?"

Olive: "Oh, she probably was, she was very ugly. Now this little girl had a baby brother."

Judy: "I don't like baby brothers."

Olive: (Patiently) "Well, then, she was talking to her dog—"

Judy: "Dogs can't talk."

Olive: (With restrained but icy anger) "I certainly think you are the most horrible child."

Judy: (crying) "Wah, wah wah."

Olive: "Now, now, don't cry again."
(Knock at door)

Olive: "There is someone at the door. You had better come with me. I can't trust you out of my sight."

(Exit right—sound of door opening)

Olive: "Why, my dear, I did not expect you back so soon—Oh no, she wasn't a particle of trouble—What were you saying Judy? Of course I didn't say she was a horrible child. You never knew her to tell an untruth— Well if you want to believe her—Here's your hat if you won't stay—Very well, good afternoon."

Olive: (entering right, collapsing on sofa) "That's the last time I'll ever try to do a kind deed. Of all the ingratitude. That Judy—she has broken my antique vase, Popeye has broken my heart, and I thought I loved all children."

AS WE GO TO PRESS

We extend:

Sincere sympathy to the family of Dr. Cecil Chambers whose death occurred in April. Congratulations to Miss Irene Lewis on her appointment as an air-hostess with Trans-Canada Air Lines.

Congratulations to Ralph Sturgeon and James Delaney, former students of the School, who were ordained to the Priesthood at the Pro-Cathedral by His Excellency Bishop R. H. Dignan on May 18.

Congratulations to Austin Wigston, who will receive the degree Bachelor of Science from Queens at Convocation this year.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. S. W. M. Hardwick, whose marriage took place last November.

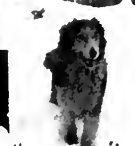
Congratulations to Eustace McGaughey, who has been awarded the Edward Hillman Fellowship in Political Science at the University of Chicago.

Congratulations to Jane West, Editor-in-Chief, 1938, and Earl Jessup, who were married April 27.

Best wishes to Doug Williamson, Editor, 1934, and to Cecil Rorabeck, who finish up their courses in Medicine at Toronto this year.

Congratulations to Bill Neale, who graduates from Queen's this year.

Plans are underway for the Northern Ontario District Track Meet which will be held in North Bay Saturday, June 8.



ALUMNI

COLLEGIATE

Bain, Harry—Medicine, University of Toronto
 Beachey, Raymond—Civil Service
 Blyth, Ross—At Home
 Brown, Bernice—North Bay Normal
 Creighton, Fern—Nurse in Training
 Ottawa Civic Hospital
 Drury, Doreen—At Home.
 Dugard, Dorothy—Nurse in Training
 Barrie
 Fisher, Edmund—At Home
 Fyfe, Blake—Toronto
 Gallipeau, Laurene—North Bay Normal
 Halliday, Gerald—Vocational School
 Haufe, Wilbert—North Bay Normal
 Hewitt, Aurelius—North Bay Business
 College
 Hume, Dorothy—Nurse in Training, St.
 Joseph's Hospital, North Bay
 Keeling, Cleila—Nurse in Training
 Sudbury
 Lavolette, George—Civil Service, North
 Bay
 Lewis, Verna—North Bay Normal School
 McCausland, Kathleen—At Home
 McCubbin, Robert—Medicine, Western
 University
 McFadden, Maybelle—North Bay Busi-
 ness College
 McVeety, Deltha—North Bay Normal
 Maher, Frances—Nurse in Training, St.
 Mikes, Toronto
 Major, Beulah—North Bay Normal School
 Mandryk, Peter—R.C.E.
 Martyn, Marian—Queen's
 Murphy, Catherine—Toronto
 Neale, Betty—Ottawa, Business College
 Otto, Betty—Nurse in Training, St.
 Joseph's Hospital, North Bay
 dePencier, Olive—North Bay Normal
 Pickering, John—Belleville
 Pickering, Les—Belleville
 Richardson, Thelma—North Bay Business
 College
 Robertson, Mark—Peterborough Normal
 Robertson, Verna
 Roynon, Betty—Nurse in Training, Hamil-
 ton General Hospital
 Rivers, Bill—Ottawa.
 Stevens, Edna—North Bay Normal
 Swallow, Dorcas—North Bay Normal
 Wilson, Dorothy—Nurse in Training, St.
 Joseph's Hospital, North Bay

COMMERCIAL

Bondett, Howard—At Home
 Elesci, Elsa—National Provisions
 Goldthorpe, Minnie—C.N.R. Express
 Hubbard, James—C.N.R.
 Kennedy, Donald—Gamble-Robinsons
 McKerrrow, Kathleen—At Home

McManus, Howard—Sudbury, C.P.R.
 Milne, Irene—At Home
 Pleyer, Jeannette—Capitol Theatre
 Preece, Thomas—At Home
 Reardon, Leo—Bank of Commerce
 Romain, Annie—At Home
 Vokes, Grace—At Home

SPECIAL COMMERCIAL

Allen, Betty—At Home
 Campbell, Myrna—Shorse
 Clark, Charly—At Home
 Finnigan, John—Canada Bread Co.
 Gammel, Glen—R.C.E.
 Gibson, Delna—Silverwoods
 Johnson, Ray—City Office
 Kelly, James—At Home
 Lalonde, Margaret—Timmins
 Levesque, Albert—Manager of Michaud
 and Levesque, Sturgeon Falls
 MacArthur, Helen—C.D.S.
 MacLachlan, Myrtle—North Bay Nugget
 McParland, Maurice—Silverwoods
 Maund, Patricia—Toronto, Bank of Com-
 merce
 Moore, Kevin—At Home
 Muldoon, Irene—At Home
 Pennock, Ervin—Reward Shoe Store
 Simpson, Dora—Bank of Commerce
 Valey, Rita—Sault Ste. Marie
 Walter, Helen—At Home
 Whittingham, Beth—Dominion Stores
 District Offices

VOCATIONAL

Meta, Leah—At Home
 Allard, Rene—Bonfield
 Ashford, Donald—Jack Stevenson's
 Bonany, Earl—North Bay Nugget
 Collier, Robert—R.C.A.F.
 Corbeil, John—G. W. Willis
 Croghan, George—At Home
 Draper, Richard—North Bay Nugget
 Francis, Jack—Marconi Radio School
 Toronto
 Fraser, Glen—Consolidated Electric Co.
 Lyons, John—Noranda
 McAughy, Hugh—At Home
 McKerrrow, Clare—Toronto
 Marchildon, Paul—Jack Crisp's Service
 Station
 May, Harold—Callander
 Munroe, Eldon—At Home
 Norman, Ernest—At Home
 Parry, Arthur—Fischer Motors
 Pask, Clifford—R.C.A.F.
 Rainville, George—Bonfield
 Ricci, Paul—At Home
 Scanlon, Bert—Callander
 Smith, William—R.C.E.
 Stevens, Gordon—At Home
 Thibault, Emile—At Home
 Wuori, Charles—Fischer Motors



Pour la première fois un club français a été organisé dans notre école. Le but de ce club est d'enseigner aux membres le français conversationnel, et de leur aider à mieux comprendre la langue française.

Aujourd'hui une personne qui sait parler le français and l'anglais a plus de chance à obtenir une position qu'une personne qui parle seulement une langue. Ce sont les deux principales langues du Canada et l'une est aussi importante que l'autre. Nous avons "deux langues, mais une seule idée."

Pendant une crise comme celle d'aujourd'hui, il est très important que les peuples français et anglais soient en aussi bon termes d'amitié qu'ils le sont

à présent. Un esprit co-opératif devrait être développé dans les écoles aussi bien que dans le commerce.

Le club essaye d'introduire ces idées et en même temps d'enseigner le français qui se parle en toutes les maisons françaises. Les membres apprennent à chanter, à raconter des histoires, apprennent le nom des articles qu'on achèterait dans une épicerie, le nom de la plupart des étoffes et beaucoup d'autres choses.

Je crois qu'il devrait y avoir un club français dans une école où on enseigne le français et où il y a un grand nombre d'élèves français.

J'espère qu'à l'avenir il y aura toujours un club français dans cette école.

EMMA GAREAU, Prés.

Ne Dites Pas	Dites	Ne Dites Pas	Dites
Tramp	Vagabond ou chemineur	Peanut	Pistache de Terre
Gang	Troupe	Cream-Puff	Chou à la Crème
Crowd	Foule	Tooth Pick	Cure-dents
Free	Gratuit	Peppermint	Pastille de Menthe
Rough	Rude ou dur	Candy	Bonbon
Pedlar	Colporteur	Job	Entreprise
Plaster	Taffetas Gommé	Mouver	Déménager
Parcel Delivery	Factage	Badge	Insigne
Tip	Pourboire	Flag	Drapeau
Brackets	Appliques	Safe	Coffre-fort
Alley	Bille de Verre	Pop Corn	Maïs Grillé
Black Eye	Oeil Poché, ou Oeil au Beurre Noir	Flotant	Flétan
Post Office	Bureau de Poste	Currants	Raisins de Corinthe
Barber Shop	Boutique de Barbier	Un Doré (poisson)	Une Dorée
Clipper	Tondeuse	Pool	Billard
Cook	Cuisinier	Bowling	Quilles
Boiler	Bouilloire	Basketball	Ballon au Panier
Steak	Bifteck	Wrench	Clef Anglaise
Beans	Fèves au lard	Volley Ball	Ballon Volant
Toast	Rôtie	Marshmallow	Guimauve
Forsure	Fressure	Mop	Vadrouille
		Shipper	Expédier
		Slippers	Pantouffles

LE VIEUX CHENE

Laurier Ribout

Sur les bords de l'eau murmurante, un vieux chêne élevait sa tête dans les cieux, et de ses feuilles vertes l'ombre protégeait l'humble violette à ses pieds. Le soir dans son feuillages argenté par la lune, le zéphir murmurait une douce chanson pour endormir les oiseaux.

La poussière des siècles reposait à ses pieds. Combien de souvenirs des âges révolus, des fantômes sans nombre, des peuples anéantis passèrent sur son front dans sa longue carrière. Une nation après l'autre avait sans doute fini par être conquis par les dards sanguinaires des adversaires sous son ombre.

De mes rêves je m'éveille enfin et l'illusion s'enfuit. Toi, ô chêne majestueux, toi seul tu restes pour commander les moissons ondulées qui couvraient les guérets. Tu braves les tempêtes, la foudre, et ton front est couronné d'un auréole de flamme par le soleil couchant.

Maintes fois dans mes loisirs enfantins, je gravis la colline pour entendre soupirer le zéphir dans tes branches nouées, et regardais l'oiseau monter, descendre, puis se cacher dans ta cime pour m'enivrer de son chant si pur, et guettait l'écureuil qui me regardait de ses

yeux noirs à travers l'épais feuillage, et la rouge-gorge déposer son nid à l'abri de l'orage, entre la terre et les cieux.

Mais comme tout ici-bas prend fin, un jour je t'ai vu, ô géant de la forêt, courber ta vénérable tête devant la flamme rapide qu'une main incendiaire avait allumée, et dans tes bras séculaires, tu emportas avec toi l'ombre du passé.

LE SKI, LE MEILLEUR SPORT D'HIVER

Velma Martin, V Coll.

Au Canada et dans notre propre Nord Ontario, le ski est le meilleur sport d'hiver que nous avons.

Les éitoyens de North Bay et les écoliers de notre école sont bien heureux d'avoir tant de collines près de notre ville. Nous avons un beau chalet situé à trois milles de la ville et beaucoup de collines sont louées par le Laurentian Ski Club. Le club a presque quatre cents membres d'hommes, de femmes, de filles et de garçons.

Le ski, un nouveau sport au Canada, devient très populaire et bientôt tout le monde skiera. L'hiver prochain visitez le Laurentian Ski Club, et apprenez à skier!



FORM REPRESENTATIVES TO THE MAGAZINE

Back Row: A. Rivet, C. McManus, C. Wells, P. Ibbotson, G. Ward, V. Martin, M. Jennings, M. Alford

Second Row: G. Darling, M. Forsyth, B. Williams, G. Reddaway, W. Reeves, A. Castagne

Front Row: E. Saunders, R. Coombes, W. Barry, M. Constant, E. Stevens, E. Locke



FORM NOTES



Form IA

Miss Ash

Phyllis Ibbotson

Spring's here, so let's be gay!
Let's make our dreams come true;
We'll chase all gloom away—
Give happiness its cue.

The daisy in her ivory palm,
Her golden heart uplifts,
To join in wondrous song,
As spring presents her gifts.

Emerald leaves hang still,
And gleam 'neath the turquoise blue,
And there's the robin's cheerful trill,
Spring's challenge to me and you!

—E. A. M.

There's singing in the corridors,
There's running on the stair,
For we're IA of N.B.C.I.,
And touch us if you dare.

Miss Ash is our form teacher,
And we love her very true,
But if you interfere with her,
We'll make it hard for you.

Some say that we are sissies
But this statement is not true,
When teacher's out, we talk and shout
And sometimes whistle too.

But our intellectual ability
No one can deny,
Is the best of all the forms!
We're IA of N. B. C. I.!!

At the beginning of the term in September—History lesson going on. IA not familiar with teachers' names.

Miss Walton: "B. R.! Have you your history written out?"

B. R.: "No."

Miss Walton: "Know what?"

B. R.: "No."

Miss Walton: "Do you know my name?"

B. R.: "No."

WE WONDER

Why Miss Ash spoke of poison when so many wrong answers were given one French period.—Was she thinking of suicide or murder?

If Muriel Beaton will ever wear her gym suit.

If Evelyn McGee will ever prepare an oral ahead of time.

Why Kay Richards likes that popular song, "Oh, Johnny."

Why Dorothy Meeking never has her supplementary reading book ready when Miss Morgan asks for it. Is it because she is so busy, such as . . .?

After walking through the dark, creepy First Floor corridor one morning, we girls very easily answered the health question, "What is the name given to the framework of the body?"

Scene: Ashville's land of Health and Beauty.

Miss Ash: "What is happening when you eat?"

Pupil: "Your trunk is being packed."

Miss Ash: "What other French word means to continue or go on with the same things?"

Pupil: "Etcetera."

Form IB

Miss Walton

N. Herman

In Form IB

"Darling," she said to Her man as he would Rowe the boat down the Rivers. "Try if you Cain to Beatty the others, as we are soon Cummings to the rapids." On the banks was a green Lee where the tall grass would Russel in the breeze, as it was in Scotland near the Firth.

"My Taylor told me it was Roynon out this morning," she said.

"I don't McArA whether it did or not as Long as I win that race.

"I Betty you will," Rita said, and he Shirley did.

FORM IB

This is the story of Form IB,
It is made up of girls and teacher you see;
The girls in the form are not smart for
their size
And if adults were out-given they'd take
the prize.

First there comes Marg Beatty,
The kids call her "Beets,"
She loves to stick gum
On the backs of the seats.

Next Edith Firth, so meek and mild,
Tall Betty Russell, a talkative child,
Jean and Doretta, the McGillivray girls,
Nelda Zufelt, the one with the curls.

Next Mabel Smith, our basketball ace;
Loving Gwen Darling, and her smiling
face;
Gloria with her red hair;
Connie and Shirley, the perfect pair.

Some have forgotten why it's little me;
No need to worry, I'm perfect you see,
These girls are just a few,
So to you all, toodle-ee-oo.

THE RED CROSS SLEIGH DRIVE

Our Junior Red Cross members
Held a sleighing party one night,
It was a glorious evening
And the moon was shining bright.

The sleighs were great 'big flat ones,
Covered over with hay,
'Mid shouting, singing and laughing,
We started on our way.

The merry sleigh bells jingled
As the horses pranced along,
And soon the air about us
Was filled with bits of song.

Soon on and off the sleighs we went
Into the piles of snow,
And many were running away behind
As on the horses would go.

After a jolly ride
Out to the jail and around,
We discovered that each and every one
A large appetite had found.

The table laden with beans and things
Was a very welcome sight,
And table manners were thrown to the
wind
As we ate our lunch that night.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

Thanks for the memory
Of school in old North Bay
Every single day,
With pupils here and pupils there,
All who were so gay.
How lovely it was.

Thanks for the memory
Of dreams in our French class
Of green trees and of grass,
When teachers cried in agony,
"My heavens what a class!"
How lovely it was.

Many times we were detained,
And many the time we were let free,
But oh what a time we had attained.
We didn't learn much
In Science and such,
Of teachers by the score
Increasing more and more,
The crossdest ones and the fiercest ones
Never were a bore.
I thank you so much.

Form IC

Miss Gardner

June McFarlane

Mr. Firth: "How would you find the
density of olive oil? (Olive Oyl)."
IC Genius: "Let's ask Popeye."

English teacher: "Corrine, would
you give me an example of a collective
noun?"

Corrine (all a-twitter): "A garbage
can."

OUR IC ALPHABET

A is for Alga who never is quiet
B is for Betty who talks during science
C is for Corrine who is very smart
D is for Dorothy who has such a heart
E is for Eunice who is lots of fun
G is for Gabrielle who likes to hum
H is for Helen who always does talk
I is for Isobel who has a long walk
J is for Jean who likes to holler
K is for Katharine who is such a good
scholar
L is for Lenore who's a very good writer
M is for Margaret who is not far behind
her
N is for Norma who gets Mr. Firth's goat
O is for Olive who in school wears her
coat
R is for Ruth who has curly blonde hair
S is for Shirley who likes to stare, and
also for space, so I'll have to end here.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF

Marion McEwen stayed awake during
Math. period

Alga Savord got into Assembly on time
Ilean Brown talked a little louder

Mary Forsyth remembered to bring her
locker key

Alice Moon never had her homework
finished

Norma Wall was solemn in science class
Elsie Hillis' hair was out of place

Iris Stevens could stay on her stool while
in the lab.

Lenore Childerhose didn't ask a teacher
a question

Olive Willcock would quit trucking on
down

Betty Brown didn't roll her eyes

Margaret Laurel stopped biting her nails

Dorothy Palmer didn't ask to go to her
locker

June Brown didn't have detentions with
Mr. Firth

Well, it would be pretty hard to say what
would happen.

GENERAL JOKES

By Walford Reeves

This world is old, yet likes to laugh;

New jokes are hard to find.

A whole new editorial staff

Can't tickle every mind.

So if you meet some ancient joke

Bedecked in modern guise,

Don't call this "Magazine" a fake,

Just laugh—don't be too wise.

G. D. Wert

Room 203

Glen Ward

IE 1950

Daly: A real lady killer.

B. Brown: The Stowkoski of 1950. Now
playing in New York.

Schacter: Trying to replace Jack Benny
as a violin player.

O'Hare: Looking more like Robert
Taylor every day.

CONFUCIUS SAY

—if Hitler wants more living room
why not try want ads.

—father crazy sending boy to college—
he spends \$1,000—boy joins football
team—what does father get—a quarter-
back.

—women do not have to be blonde to
be light in the head.

—marriage is like a quick lunch, you
get something and pay for it after.

—Professor Quiz say: Who would win
a race between a man running 400 yards
and a girls' relay team?

Confucius says: Girls win because man
no can pass four girls without stopping.

—a diplomat is man who makes wife
believe that each night he goes out it is
just to see sick friend.

—Indian girl have lot of fun with beau
and error.

—upkeep of women is downfall of men.

—some people learn love from A-Z
including C.O.D.

—marriage like boxing match, prelim-
inaries often better than main event.

Mr. Carrington: "How did the Electress
of Hanover get into this?"

George: "She jumped in through the
window."

Mr. Carrington: "Now if you saw a
burglar entering a house, what would
you do?"

McParland: "I'd go in and ask him if I
could use the phone to get the police."

Form ID

Mr. Troy

Walford Reeves

Stewart Brown: "This cold weather
chills me to the bone."

Jack Ross: "You should wear a cap."

Mr. Firth to ID: "I am going to dis-
miss you early today. Go quietly so as
not to wake up the other classes."

Two Collegians were scarcely seated in
the theatre before one of them nudged
the other and asked, "What does that
word 'asbestos' mean across the curtain?"

"Pipe down," was the answer, "and
don't show your ignorance. That's Latin
for Welcome."

Egg-zactly. Dalton Weegar's mother
sent him for three dozen eggs and he
decided to save time by going for them
on roller skates.—You are quite correct.
That is just what happened.

Mrs. Henderson: "Keith, stop using
such dreadful language."

Keith: "But mother, Shakespeare
uses it."

Mrs. Henderson: "Then don't go with
him; he's no fit companion for you."

Pinkney: "Yes, we went to the Royal
the other night, we had a box, don't you
know."

Norman (sarcastically): "Yes, crack-
er-jack wasn't it? I saw you munching
something up in the gallery."

Teacher: "What can you cover a chair with?"

Mackey: "Gum."

Mr. Firth: "What do you use the water for?"

McClement: "To fish in."

What hockey team in first form inter-form hockey beat another team 10-0?

Mr. Troy: "No they don't use horses, but who does?"

McParland: "Gene Autry. How about the Lone Ranger?"

IF Mr. Carrington

E. Moreau

Will these things ever happen????

"Bud" White reach six feet?

Bill Freedman stop acting as echo to everything Mr. Firth says?

"Finn" Ranger lend a few curls to his pals?

Myles Shaw ever give a bright answer?

Bert Grey cease giggling?

Pat Nicholson ever admit he's guilty?

Mr. Carrington: "Name some famous aviators and their work."

Nicholson: "Tom Darling flew to the North Pole at Christmas."

IN 1980:

Mackey passing through fifth form.

Scott wondering if he should have seen "Gone With the Wind."

Girard playing pro. hockey for "Les Canadiens."

McCauley speaking for the Liberal party in the election.

Kennedy celebrating his twentieth birthday.

Bonnell a lady's man.

Stockdale cutting his summer's supply of ice.

Form IIA Collegiate Miss Wales POPULAR SONGS OF THE DAY

"The Boy Named Len and the Girl Named Sue" were talking to the "Shabby Old Cabby" about the "Deep Purple" shade of the "Blue Orchids" in the vase on the table in the picture of the "18th Century Drawing Room."

Now, said Len, "If I Only Had a Brain" I could paint a picture of the "Yellow Brick Road" that leads "Over the Rainbow."

After the "Shabby Old Cabby" left, "The Boy Named Len" asked the "Girl Named Sue" to marry him. He said "Because of All the Things You Are,"

"I Promise You" I'll be "Faithful Forever."

She said no, that she wouldn't marry him but before they parted "She Must Have One More Kiss" and also one more hot-dog and relish from "The Little Hot-Dog Stand." So they did and then said "Goody-Good-bye."

A WALK TO SCHOOL

It was a very cold WINTERS morning and I was taking my time over some BARLEY that I was having for breakfast. My mother told me I BETTY LEWIS no MORE time because I knew she was WAISER than I.

As I was sliding on the BANKS of the ditches while coming to school one of my teachers came SAUNDERING around the corner trying to WARD off the cold wind with her hands. I LONEY'D her my BLACK ear muffs for her cars. We walked together for a while and then JOHNSTON'S milk truck came along and gave us a ride. The back of the truck was filled with STOCK'ALE and we all had a drink.

WHAT WOULD BECOME OF IIA IF

Betty D. didn't giggle all period.
Bernice S. didn't try to be funny.
Evelyn W. got below 90 in her exams.
Marion L. and Betty L. didn't have detentions.

Ethel F. got her hair cut.
Ena S. quit singing.
Mary O. got a detention.
Grace M. didn't chew gum.
Shiela B. didn't sharpen her pencil every period.

Katherine M. forgot to go to the Study Hall before 9 o'clock.

Dorothy A. didn't get flustered.

Jessie S. sat properly in her seat.

P.S.—She did get it cut.

YOU DON'T SAY!

Miss Wales (after finishing a new lesson): "Now girls, you watch the board and I'll run through it once more."

Mr. Hardwick (quieting IIA): "Come, come girls."

Bernice S.; "Where are we going?"

During the discussion of the two words principal and principle:

Teacher: "Yes, Dorothy?"

Dorothy: "Is Mr. Wallace a p-a-l?"

A DAY WITH IIA

E. Saunders

We rise in the morning full of zest
 And go to school to do our best.
 Out of the house at five to nine
 And on to school in double quick time.
 It's very, very late we readily see.
 The locker room's jammed,
 As crammed as crammed can be.
 The first bell's gone—the second bell goes.
 Oh! Mathematics gosh and Latin prose;
 We tear along the corridor and with a
 smile
 Greet Miss Wales to whom we're very
 docile.
 After the assembly to the lab we march
 in style
 Erect is our posture, but we're talking
 all the while.
 Science class is over, our books are
 packed with glee,
 The English class is next, it's there that
 we make whoopee,
 Stamping in the class room, our books
 banged on the desk,
 We settle down and try to be each one
 of us a pest.
 The Latin class is next, all the students
 they look grim,
 Although a charming personage is
 waiting them within.
 We are very slack on homework, catch
 up another day;
 But when four o'clock rolls around we
 pupils have to pay
 By writing out on foolscap why we have
 time to play.
 English comes again and we settle down
 to chat
 About the weather and the season and
 this and all of that.
 Then Mathematics comes around with
 angle and with square,
 And our minds they set a'thinking why
 this stuff we have to bear.
 Twelve o'clock is striking, a mad dash
 through the door,
 Shoving, pushing, juggling books along
 the corridor.
 Our dinner has been eaten, we're on our
 way to school,
 Not to be late, not to be late is IIA's
 golden rule.
 The afternoon soon passes till comes our
 daily French
 With cute Monsieur de Hardwick
 a'setting on the bench.
 The afternoon is over and so ends the day.
 A day I hope you have enjoyed with our
 good old IIA.

Anonymous.

OUR MOTTO

May smiling be your motto,
 Though your heart is filled with pain.
 For behind a mask of sunshine
 You can never see the rain.

When the clouds begin to gather
 And the sky becomes o'er cast,
 Remember all the little joys
 That helped you through the past.

Don't frown upon the future,
 Let smiling be your prayer,
 And you'll always find a host of friends
 With whom your smile to share.
 Evelyn Moore.

SOME OF IIA'S ALPHABET

A—is for Avery, a very bright lass,
 B—is for Byrnes, a girl in our class.
 C—is for Coburn, a bright, happy girl,
 D—is for Desjardins, a girl in a whirl.
 E—is for Edgar, a boy's first name,
 F—is for Fodor, who will sure come to
 fame.
 G—is for Gray, who in maths is O.K.
 H—is for Hartrick, who will marry
 some day.
 J—is for Johnston, who has a nice smile,
 K—is for Keizer, who is shy all the while.
 L—is for Loudon, whose hair we all like.
 M—is for Mallory, who has a new bike.
 O—is for Odynski, who never says boo,
 P—is for Peverley, who looks shiny and
 new.
 R—is for Robinson, who likes to skate,
 S—is for Skellern, who always has a date.
 T—is for Thornton, who doesn't like
 latin,
 W—is for Winters, who likes to wear
 satins.
 And now this poem must come to an end,
 For there are no more names
 That we can either borrow or lend.
 By B. Lewis and J. Edgar.

IIA should be well remembered after
 they have all passed on because every-
 thing they do is eternal or everlasting.
 (Miss Walton: "Girls stop that eter-
 lasting giggling.")

Two minutes later

(Miss Walton: "Girls stop that eter-
 nal talking.")

Teacher: "Why didn't you do your
 homework?"

Pupil: "I gave it up for Lent."



WE WONDER:

Why Sylvia B. was so happy on commencement day—could it be a visitor from Belleville, Sylvia?

Why Katherine M. likes to go to the

Study Hall every morning before nine—could it be the scenery, Kae?

Why Grace Mc. has to sharpen her pencil so much last period every Wednesday afternoon—(The pencil sharpener is near the door.)

FIFTEEN PERIODS A WEEK

She is such a charming person,
 She listens to each one,
 I bet she often wishes though
 That we would stop wagging our tongues.

Now girls, you've been very noisy,
 Something has got to be done.
 Things can't go on and on like this,
 For days and days to come.

You're headed for a detention,
 This talking has got to cease.
 And if you don't find it possible,
 You'll all remain in your seats.

And so the days pass by,
 And it hasn't come to pass.
 The detention is still waiting
 For IIA—That's our class.

E. Moore.

WHAT WE HAVE AND WHAT WE HAVEN'T

Campbell but no doctor
 Byrnes but no Bob
 Winters but no summers
 Mackie but no house
 Lewis but no Joe
 Jessie but no James
 Barley but no oats
 Johnston but no wax
 Ward but no nurse
 McGaughey but no little
 Stockdale but no ice
 Wallace but no F.D.
 Fosdick but no books
 Banks but no money
 Torrance but no dentist
 Dixie but no cotton.

Teacher: "Mary explain the meaning of vacuum."

Mary: "Well, I have it in my mind, but I just can't explain it."

IIA had been drinking in French for 20 minutes. As a result they had the giggles. Hic, hic.

Mr. Hardwick: "Now girls, after you are sobered up we'll continue the lesson."

Teacher: "Who was the first man to sail around the world?"

Dorothy: "Drake—the old goose."

Mr. Hardwick: "Grace what does 'cher' mean?"

Grace (after some hesitation): "Oh—ah—dear."

Mr. Hardwick: "Yes."

DANCING LESSONS "FREE"

Apply at once in Mr. Hardwick's music periods. All kinds of dancing taught from the "hop" to good old "waltzing."

IIC Collegiate Miss Morgan
 M. Constant

THERE'S NO FORM LIKE OURS

We are forty-five in our class of 2C
 Forty-five of good company,
 Forty-five who will all agree,
 There was never a form like our 2C!

We have McIntyre, with his corny jokes,
 Guenette, who gets all teachers' goats,
 While Eddy sits back and grins, and
 gloats,
 Over everything that happens.

Now Irene is a subject, musically inclined
 And when playing her piano she leaves
 Georgie far behind
 But one good thing about it all is
 Georgie he doesn't mind
 And Irene wouldn't want to be any place
 but in 2C!

Of course Fred Weegar loves to stare,
 And Wilma gets in Bebee's hair
 And Hazel's the gal that's never there
 But such things do not matter.

And now I've given you the life 2C does
 portray
 All jitterbugs and sports at night and
 dozing all next day,
 Teachers hint that for lethargy 2C is
 notorious
 But students think as well as say that
 old 2C is glorious!

Several of the fair damsels of IIC
 are beginning to believe that Fred Weegar
 is easily amused by flirtatious tactics.

Wouldn't it be funny if Bill Eddy
 were to make a mistake and say those
 words of endearment to the wrong
 McGonegal twin?

Is there any special reason for Irene
 Simkin's anxiety that her name would
 not be coupled with George Cummings'
 in the school magazine?

Does that vacant stare Burrows wears
 in French period mean that he's thinking
 of Minnie?

Did anyone notice a very peculiar gas in the atmosphere of the Science Room February 8, 1940?

A certain brunette lass of IIC wore a new pair of shoes to school and after suffering the most painful tortures and untold agonies during History and Latin periods, she took her usual seat beside Wilma and then with a sigh of relief kicked her shoes off under the desk in the Science Class.

Guenette is a firm believer that the most famous "WALTONIAN" expression is "You'll stay for 45 minutes."

Judging from the selection of nicknames, one would be led to believe they are chosen to suit their temperament, but that does not explain "Cupid" Unger, or does it?

What IIC lass used the Latin word "amo" with the proper emphasis while talking to her heart throb who does not take Latin and his curiosity became so aroused that he asked a friend who did know its meaning and since he found out he has gone with her ever since? Perhaps Confucius could explain it.

Stranger than fiction and strange as it seems, two very good friends of IIC took violently sick during the dinner hour. (The hour detention they gained previously from Miss Walton gave them indigestion I guess.) Anyway, something even more strange, or perhaps it's just a coincidence, is that Thibault Hill was perfect that day for skiing.

Is Bruce Larochelle the reason for Hazel's numerous half-holidays?

It's been rumored that Muriel Reed adores McIntyre's cherubic expressions. So does Miss Walton. Note: She also believes Fred Weegar has eyes like Bette Davis. Well—

I'm sure Mr. Hardwick would love to listen in on Clara, Burrows and Lowry's jokes sometime. Everyone does.

If Bette Baxter were searching for a suitable theme song why not try "There's Something About a Soldier"?

We all know that there are many females attracted to his magnetic charms, but who attracts him? Wouldn't we love to know!

JOKING!

Mr. Simpson: "McIntyre, stop that talking!"

McIntyre: "I wasn't talking, but now I'm going to speak my mind."

Mr. Simpson: "Ah! Silence at last!"

R. Lowry to Clara: "What's the seven-letter word for mushroom?"

Clara (brightly): "Parlour."

Miss Walton: "Ray, what are you doing?"

Bebec: "Nothin'."

Miss Walton: "That's not hard to believe."

Miss Walton: "Bob Weegar, here you are talking, after promising me you'd be a good boy, and you know I promised you a detention if you weren't. Well? What have you to say for yourself?"

B. Weegar: "Well, Miss Walton, seeing I didn't keep my promise, you don't have to keep yours!"

Mrs. Hoey: "Decline a third declension noun for me, June."

June whispers to Marian P: "What's a third declension noun?"

Marian: "Dunno."

June: "Dunno, dunno, dunni"—etc.

Mr. Hardwick to McIntyre: "You must spend a fortune for gum."

B. Weegar: "Naw! He gets it from under the seats."

Miss Walton: "Guenette, you better come to your detention tonight."

Guenette: "Why can't I come tomorrow night?"

Miss Walton: "Now, Guenette, it's not convenient for me to come tomorrow night."

Guenette: "Well now, Miss Walton, it's not convenient for me to come tonight."

Editor: "You wrote every line of this poem yourself I understand?"

Poet: "Yes sir, every line."

Editor: "Well, I'm glad to meet you Edgar Allan Poe. I thought that you were dead long ago!"

Girl: "Are you a toe dancer?"

Partner: "No!"

Girl: "Then get off my toes."

"Time stands still when I'm with you, dear."

"No wonder, your face would stop a clock!"

You'll find the present crop of politicians surprisingly well up in all the big questions of the day if you refrain from answering the answers.

Some time ago newspapers carried the news that Italy devised a process of making wool out of milk. It must make the cows feel sheepish.

The following story was told by Mr. Hardwick one day in IIC, much to our amusement:

"One evening," Mr. Hardwick did relate, "Finds a gentleman going to keep a date, With his girl-friend at his girl-friend's house.

He felt timid as a rabbit, and frightened as a mouse.

He rang the doorbell, waited in dread, Wishing to goodness that he were dead. And when she answered the door, he wore a nervous grin,

He spluttered and blurted, 'Is Irene in?'

Well they spent a quiet evening, the way all couples do,

And, she said as he was leaving, 'Here's something you never knew.'

She had smeared lipstick on his tie, it was no use to struggle,

His mind was blank, he could not think, He did feel quite befuddled.

'You're the light of my life,' to George, Irene had said,

Dad shouted down the stairs to her:

'Put out that light and come to bed!'

And so ends our tale, as the gentleman fled."

Mr. Simpson was giving IIC a pep talk to encourage them in their sale of tickets for the play and for a shining example he told the story of a Collegian of the past who was so anxious to sell tickets that when he went to one house the lady who answered the door said it would be impossible because her husband was away that week-end and she had no one to mind the baby. The Collegian inquired

eagerly if that was her only reason and when she said it was he immediately offered his services saying that he would mind the baby.

"That," said Mr. Simpson, "was his whole-hearted spirit."

He looked expectantly around the room to see if his pep talk had struck the responsive chords in the students, but they were strangely unmoved with immobile expressions until Guenette leaned forth and said, "You forgot to tell us how old the baby was!"

AH HEAVEN!— (THEME SONG OF IIC)

Oh give me a life of pleasure, give me a life of ease,

My joy I could never measure, to travel and do as I please,

Don't let the old school bell hold me, Or sound of the teacher's voice But let me travel alone, all on my own And all by myself I'll rejoice

IIC ROMANCES

Around the room in French period, I took a hasty glance,

And I learned right then, why French was called "the language of romance,"

For there was Guenette struggling, and trying his very best,

To help sweet, Ruth Walker, out with that hard French test.

I looked at Betty Thompson, with her "come hither" smile,

Which Bebee seemed to worship in French period all the while.

And then blonde Clara Johnson does let her glances stray

Over towards Burrows, where eventually they do stay.

Then, Ruth Rankin, in her naive way, that's shy

For Upton she does not conceal, the romance I imply.

Bob Weegar talks to Doreen, he chatters all the time,

But what they say I wish I knew, I'd write it in this rhyme.

And Doris Axler chatters, about her romances many

While I sit back and bemoan the fact "Poor me, I haven't any!"

Alas for Mr. Hardwick, alas for all us too,

For while all this goes on in class, how much French could we do?

IIIA Collegiate Mr. Hardwick

George Barker

FORM NOTES

Miss Hamer: "Gwendolyn, what was the character in the Bible called Job afflicted with?"

Gwendolyn: "Worms." (Boils.)

Miss Gliddon (after sending McLean to the board): "Now pick out someone you want to keep you company."

McLean: "She isn't here."

Miss Gliddon: "Taylor, why don't you walk right?"

Taylor: "I can't; my ancestors were apes."

The topic was the comparing of the prices of men's and women's clothes.

Miss Morgan: "It costs just as much to make a skirt as to make a pair of man's trousers."

Wigston: "But don't women buy more clothes?"

Miss Morgan: "How do you know so much about women's clothes, Wigston?"

Wigston: "I've got three sisters."

A FRENCH PERIOD

There's a scuffle going on ahead.

It's Wiggy and Martin throwing lead.

West and Cummings fight it out;

Torrance and Godin start a bout.

Sadie and Miriam scratch and spit;

June and Lila growl a bit.

Peaver and Holmes gab and grin;

Duquette swings at Taylor as he sticks out his chin.

Mr. Hardwick lays lustily about,

But a flying book gives him a lusty clout.

The teacher is hit on the chin

By a spitball aimed at Gwendolyn.

He jumps in the air with a shriek and a roar,

And goes off his nut for evermore.

JUST A VERSE

Lowry's perpetual motion,

Wigston's continu'd commotion,

And Cummings' ever ready asides

Break the peace that always abides

In Mr. Hardwick's IIIA Form.

With teacher's ever warning storm

We need some new and waking thought

From boring subjects always taught.

dhmvia ?'sesai ssicitol'ssT

IIIB Collegiate Miss L. Hamer R. Coombes

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Why a certain girl blushes so when we pass IVB in the hall. Who is he, Alma?

Why Anita Burnie is always singing "Oh, Johnnie"? I guess she means Jack B.

Why Eleanore Jacques likes the lower hall by the office. They say he has curly hair.

Where May Smith's Superman she talks so much about lives?

Why Marg. Owen won't come to our Arena. I guess it isn't anything like she sees in Burwash.

What boy in Toronto gets his mail from the Richards girls and B. Coombes. They say he's Bernice's cousin.

What happened to make Frances S. sit sideways in that roomy seat in Miss Gliddon's room?

Why Marg. P. has started taking private lessons in Algebra from Mr. Moore.

What is in those long notes Barbara C. is always writing.

Why B. Clarke goes with her brother or is H. Clarke her brother?

Where Marion A. got that ring that's too big for her. She didn't have it before she went to London.

Why Betty E. blushes so sweetly when anybody mentions Archie?

Why E. Meeking has found such a sudden interest in dancing. They say he's a jitterbug.

Why did Dorothy Burrows change the words of a popular song to, "When I walk I like to walk with Reggie." That's what we wondered till we heard about a certain lad who lives on Sixth Ave.

THEME SONGS OF IIIB

Anita Burnie—"Oh Johnny."

Eleanore Jacques—"Hold Tight."

Barbara Clarke—"I get along without you very well."

Dorothy Burrows—"I took a chance."

Gloria Ringrose—Any Nursery rhyme.

In Musty Gulch lived Crusty Pete

Who never washed hands, face and feet;

The people South would often say

"Winds North, Pete's on the air today."

PROBABLE FATES OF IIB STUDENTS

Peggy Leslie—Keeping house for Edgar.

Gloria Ringrose—A stooge for Jack Benny.

Eleanore Jacques—A permanent resident of Callander.

Marg. Owen—Matron at Burwash Penitentiary.

Dorothy Burrows—Still polishing stools at Grattons.

Marg. Paterson—Leader of a Boy Scout troop.

Elsie Meeking—Running a radio quiz programme.

Clementine Valois—Teaching French at N.B.C.I.

Marg. Wright—Looking after lone-some soldiers.

Alma and Anita—Two old maids arguing over whether they'll have apple or lemon pie for dessert.

Merle Richardson—Manufacturing stilts.

One MAY morning a young man named JACQUES bought a GARLAND of flowers from the CLARK in the flower shop. When he COOMBES out into the MARY sunshine he was OWEN so much money that his head was AITKEN. And since he no longer felt like a FREEDMAN he decided he would PHIL (his) LIP with a BROWN liquid that BURNIES. Then he BURROWS his FLEMING head in his COLE hands and began to yell, "I wish I was RICHARD." Then he looked on the ground and found a RING (and he) ROSE to his feet crying, "It's all WRIGHT."

Things We Have 'n' Haven't

Ham(m)er but no nails
Aitken but no pain
Meeking but no coward
Fleming but no cold
Clark but no pork and beans
Garland but no flowers
Jacque but no Jill
Richardson but no furniture store
Freedman but no slaves
Wright but no wrong
Burrows but no donkey
Owen' but no debts
Phillips but no magnesia
Guernsey but no cow
Burnie but no stove
Smith but no coughdrops
Brown but no white
Paterson but no Durrell
Richards but no poor.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF

Gloria R. could tell a new joke?

Freda F. got rid of her cold and could do her French homework?

Bernice R. wasn't so slaphappy and didn't like everybody?

Marion A. ever said anything without using big words?

Marg. O. stopped giving her hymn card to the boy in front of her who didn't have one?

Skippy didn't tell us the Happy Gang's Goon stories every day at noon.

Miss Morgan: "There isn't one of us that doesn't admire beauty."

Frances S.: "That's why I love myself so much."

Mary K. didn't do her Algebra homework every night?

Merle R. wasn't so tall?

Winnie G. would pronounce her French instead of spelling it.

What the Teachers Say to Us

Miss Gliddon: "Doris, if you can only sit on one side, why don't you make it the other one so you won't be facing Frances?"

Mrs. Hoey: "Now girls, don't waste a minute; you could be learning a vocabulary."

Miss Hamer: "Now you girls get down to some real hard concentration."

Mr. Cleland: "Pipe down."

IIB

Mary Fleming

Our form IIB's a pretty good class,
We all hope that someday we'll be lucky
and pass (?)
In Physics, Miss Wales says there's lots
of doubt,
Algebra needs thought so is practically
out.
Our Latin marks go from the top to the
bottom,
And as far as French marks, well, we
just haven't got them.
In History we wish that someone had
forgotten
To tell about Marathon Sparta and Athens.
About Composition Miss Hamer will say
That we'll never be authors for many a
day.
At last comes our Literature; dull most
of the time,
Why the poems in Abe Lincoln don't ever
rhyme!
And so I close on our blooming 3rd form
And will guarantee fun till exams start
to storm.

IHC Collegiate Miss I. V. Jackson

Alphonse Castagne

9.00 a.m.—"You gotta get up" hour by "I Ken Snore" Baxter.

10.00 a.m.—Housewife hour by "Cal-orie" Wyatt and "Ah, We Eat!" McAuliffe.

11.00 a.m.—"Who Rubbed Him Out?" hour by "Gumshoe" Shore and "I. C. Clues" Burrel.

NOON—News by "Scoop" Hill.

1.00 p.m.—Jelly Richardson in the "Blushen Grinne" Lipstick Company.

2.00 p.m.—Debate: Castagne and Calarco vs. Mitchell and O'Donnell in "Bootlegging Should Be Abolished."

3.00 p.m.—Sport News by Bedard.

4.00 p.m.—"Shiver and Quake" hour. Wigston and Shore in "Who Stole the Drinks?" or "Gone With the Gin."

5.00 p.m.—Out to Lunch.

6.00 p.m.—Carl Weegar and Frair in "She Winked at Me."

7.00 p.m.—New Bargain: Phone numbers of girls in 2A Coll. 10c each; see Grant for particulars.

8.00 p.m.—The "Bootlegging Era" 3,000 B.C. to 1940 A.D. by DeMarco and Mitchell.

HEAVY STUFF

Panhandler: "That guy made his money out of lead."

Hamilton: "So did I, but I got three years for it."

Judge: "Well, so you got caught again. This is the third time. What have you got to say?"

Chicken Grabber: "I caught the farmer by mistake."

Clark: "Miss Gliddon, can I be punished for something I didn't do?"

Miss Gliddon: "No, why?"

Clark: Well, I didn't go to the office yesterday when you sent me."

Twenty years hence:

Wigston—A hopeless maniac in Booby Hatch Asylum.

Scott, Hill and Clark—Owners of a toy factory.

Brouse—Selling insurance.

Hill-billy: "Mah boy wants some larnin', whut do ye teeche?"

Teacher: "Algebra, Latin, Trigonometry and English."

Hill-billy: "Well, give him some trigger-nometry. He's the wust shot in the family."

Miss Wales: "What is a gooseberry?"

Calarco: "A grape with whiskers."

Judge: "Next case please."

North Bay versus Moe Mitchell and his can.

Judge: "Now, Lloyd, unless you fix your 'poor example of a snail wagon' I will confiscate your license."

Moe: "You don't have to, Judge, I haven't got one."

Boarder: "Who left those ferry boats in the stairs?"

Landlady: (menacingly) "I did: Are you insinuating that I have big feet?"

Boarder: "P-p-pardon me. I m-meant fairy boots."

Air pump: "You look hollow chested and thin. What's wrong?"

Inner tube: "Income tax."

Baxter: "Look here, if you win this bet you are in five bucks."

Castagne: "And what am I in if you lose?"

Baxter: "A stretcher."

Miss Morgan: "Sutherland, what are you reading?"

Sully: "Ah-er-ah-I'm reading of Alexander's battles."

Miss Morgan: "Well, what is Alexander doing with those ray guns? Put that comic book away."

Form IVA**Mrs. Hoey**

Marian Alford

IVA HUMOUR

Mr. Firth: "Jennings, is that you who's making the light on the ceiling? Oh, of course, it wouldn't be. You're not bright enough."

Mr. Firth: "When is the sun a copper color?"

Bright student: "When we get pennies from heaven!"

Miss Hamer: "I want you to write a description of a radiator."

Kirk: "Can't we describe Hedy Lamarr? She's just as hot."

Eunice (in French class): "Doris, how do you end that sentence?"

Doris: "With a period."

Mr. Firth: "What would you do if you saw a stone rolling up Priest Hill?"

Marceau: "See a doctor!"

Mr. Hardwick: "Translate 'Cherchez la femme.'"

Kirk: "Find the woman."

Mr. Hardwick: "That's the root of all trouble."

(Hughes was combing his hair.) Mr. Hardwick: "Of course I know it's very nice—if you have any hair to comb."

Miss Hamer: "The dog bounded into the room with a romp."

Bright student: "How could he come in without one?"

Teacher: "Now for a lesson in correct pronunciation. (Reading: 'the purple turnips')—The purple turnips."

What girl in IVA dreamt that Reg. McCambley invited her to a dance and forgot to come for her and then snubbed him all the next day in school?

By Edythe Wharram

DAWN breaking over the hills casts her VIOLET and RUBY HUGHES over the old CHURCH and gives promise of a WHARRAM day. It cheers the SOULE of GORDON HOWARD, the MILLER who is to MARIE MOLLY who IS A BEL of the village. The JUSTICE with his FRANK face and CHERRY nose drives up in his GIGG at a merry CAIT. He PATS the horse on the nose and explains that there is not another on PARR with his. About the marriage, he enquired.

KAN-EI-GESESSER like HER-MAN TAKE CARE OF HER? I don't think he can ALFORD it.

So he put it off till the MOREAU and returned home to read MACBETH.

MABLE AND PAUL

Now Mable is a little girl
Who goes to school here
She gets Paul's mind and head awl
Whenever she is near.
But now, it seems, the other day
She came into the room
And Paul who had been light and gay
Descended into gloom.

For on her lips the colour'd changed
He didn't like the brand.
He'd tried it out the night before
But it had been a one-night stand.
So he goes and tells her what he thinks
And she obeys his wish
By changing lips from Plum to Peach
'Cause that's his favorite dish!

ADVERTISEMENT

HUGHESED ALFORDS and GIGGS OVERHOLT at JUSTICE prices. Suitable for driving in WHARRAM or WARNER weather to KIRKS or CHURCHES.

IVA is proud of the members of its class.

We have:

1. Vice-Pres. of Girls' Camera Club—Ruby Parr.
2. Vice-Pres. of Debating Society—Norma Herman.
3. Secretary of Girls' Athletic Society—Marian Alford.
4. Pianist for Senior Assembly—Molly Maiers.
5. Winner of Boys' senior events on Field Day—George Barrett.
Runner-up of Girl's senior events—Mable Gigg.
6. Violinist in School Orchestra—Eva Hansman.
7. Members in cast of School Play—Charlotte Ross, Reg. McCambley, Malcolm MacDonald, Doris Beatty, Howard Hughes, Jean McBeth, Jack Morgan, Isabel Cherry, Molly Maiers.
8. A star on our school hockey team—Gordon Kirk.

IVB Collegiate

Mr. Firth

Gordon Reddaway

Miss Hamer: "Skellern, use capsiz in a sentence."

Skellern (brightly): "My capsiz is 63 $\frac{1}{2}$."

Miss Walton: "Stratford-on-Avon attracts more tourists than any other tourist resort."

Voice from side: "What about Calander?"

Miss Walton: "Alexander planted a garrison at Sardis."

Otto: "Did it grow?"

Miss Walton: "Brown, have you nothing to do?"

B. Brown: "I'm doing it."

Mr. Firth: "McIntosh, what is the formula of water?"

Mac: "Don't know."

Mr. Firth: "What do you know?"

Mac: "Oh, I don't know."

Mr. Firth: "Well, you're not hopeless. At least you know that you don't know."

Mr. Simpson (during noisy class): "Just listen to the quietness!"

Mr. Firth: "How do you tell which salt you have in a bottle?"

Bedard: "Look at the label."

Ambitions of IVB:

Mr. Firth—To get as good a class next year as this year's IVB.

Nicol—To drive his dog team down Yonge Street in Toronto.

Picard—None, he'll always be last in the class anyway!

Skellern—To find a desk which fits his feet.

Herman—To blow up the school with his hydrogenated trinitro carbonate explosive.

McMillin—To find someone else with red hair like his.

Jean "Alcatraz Carmichael" Aylesworth—To get a new nick name.

WE WONDER

What Nicol did in Toronto to get such a write-up in the Toronto Star.

What would happen to Brown and Nicol if Roberta B. was moved to the front of the class in History period.

What would happen if McIntosh or Gigg answered a question in Chemistry.

What would happen if there were no smart remarks during one of Mr. Firth's experiments.

Miss Hamer: "Did you hear my question?"

McMillin: "Sure."

Miss Hamer: "Can't you say 'yes'?"

McMillin: "Sure."

Miss Hamer: "Have you ever pumped a pump?"

Preece: "No, we have taps in our house."

IVB 15 YEARS HENCE

McIntosh receives Senior Matriculation in 1955.

B. Brown, trying to teach his class, the rules of Mathematics.

Moody, champion weight lifter of North Bay—runner-up, "Charles Atlas Herman."

J. McKenzie, still waiting for Bill to win a hockey game for her.

S. Caley still hasn't grown an inch.

B. Gunn gets her first point during a basketball game.

N. "Lefty" Johnston still has her double chin.

Biff Gigg receives pension on retirement from school basketball team.

Mr. Firth: "Picard, will you report at 4 o'clock?"

Picard: "I didn't do anything."

Mr. Firth: "Well, you can do it at 4 o'clock."

IVB Collegiate Roberta Brown CAMP-FIRE SOLITUDE

Dusky shadows on the distant hills,
The call of the loon at the evening hour,
A twinkling light from the quiet mills,
The scent of the pine and the sleeping flower.

The solitude is broken by the flickering light
Of the bonfire flinging its warmth to the sky,
As the flames leap into the arms of the night,
And the sparks soar upward, only to die.

Here, on the shore by the silent lake,
I see, above, a twinkling gleam;
Then through the clouds, the moonlight breaks
Silvering the ripples of a near-by stream.

The embers are fading to a sleepy glow;
My thoughts, drowsy from the evening air,
Drift from everyday worry and woe
As I close my eyes in evening prayer.

Then by calm waters, relaxing in sleep,
Leaving the thoughts of the busy day
My camp-fire solitude I keep
Drifting and dreaming—far away.



SR. RUGBY



K. SMITH



GIRLS' TUMBLING

L.H.

J.R.T.

K.E.T.

G.B.

G.B.

G.B.



S.W.



"A" & "B"



Form V Collegiate Miss Gliddon

Velma Martin

JOKES

Mr. Firth (in Botany period discussing the liverwort): "Now in these green gemma cups which look like bird nests, what are we going to find?" (meaning of course gemma).

Daisy: "In a loud voice, 'Little green birds.'"

Mr. Firth (discussing the food habits of a fish): "Now, Miss Rankin in your own case of swallowing yourself"—but quickly correcting it—"leaving out the yourself." Evidently he thought it would be too cannibalistic.

Mr. Firth (discussing the fish again): "Now, you spell these ducts in connection with fish, 'd-u-c-t-s,' not 'd-u-c-k-s,' as some of you think."

Mr. Simpson in Trig.: "Now, we are coming to the section in Trig where we will soon be able to measure the height of mountains without first having to climb them."

Mr. Simpson again: "Now suppose this is the little "a" that wasn't there."

HAIL HISTORY

(September)

We know not what thou art,
If friend we greet thee heart to heart,
If stranger such no longer be,
If foe, our marks shall conquer thee.

(June)

All are dead who lived it,
All are dead who wrote it,
All will die who learn it.
Blessed dead, they earned it. Anon.

WE ASK YOU

What's in that old saying, "Don't tell tales out of school"? We Fifth formers are beginning to think it would be a good idea if it were changed to, "Don't tell tales in school." For example, the recently founded order of Babblers incorporated in a certain room by two (we believe) certain teachers.

When will Mr. Firth realize he embarrasses us by asking, "What do you do with all your time anyway?" He should know by now how earnestly and patiently we do our homework.

For the first time in the history of school year 1939-40, and it Leap Year too, a boy's smile didn't convince Miss Gliddon that she should reconsider. What's wrong, Cummings?

Is there really something after all in that song, "O Johnny"? At least one teacher thinks so according to many references which inspire his jokes.

Is "Rosie" really as shy as he claimed to be one day when Miss Gliddon took it upon herself to introduce some of our girls to him?

What order of Insecta does a jitterbug belong to?

Also how many horsepower has a horse fly got?

STATION B.U.N.K.

8.30 a.m.—"Muscular Munches" that famous breakfast food, features the Vth form hockey team with Advice for the Amateurs.

8.57 a.m.—S.O.S. How to reach school in three fleeting moments by "Superman" Rivet.

9.00 a.m.—Vocal selections by Vth with a special request for one teacher of "O Johnny."

9.30-10.30 a.m.—Heather Bird Seed Hour with the warblings of our Scotch lassies the McCubbin Sisters.

10.30-12.00 noon—An open debate. Pupils vs. the Teachers. "To take or not to take your detentions." The pupils of course take the negative side.

1.30 p.m.—The art of slipping in late (that is without being seen) by Mary Kenny.

2.00-3.00 p.m.—Mystery play with Miss Gliddon as detective tracking down that fugitive from classes, Eleanor J.

3.00-4.00 p.m.—Readings from Shakespeare by "Orson Welles" Vinette.

4.00-4.45 p.m.—The new pastime. Detentions with an added attraction. Miss Gliddon will render "Careless" dedicated to those who failed to keep their appointments with her.

HIGHLIGHTS OF OUR LITERATURE PERIODS

Miss Hamer certainly puts across her ideas to one certain pupil at least. She had been vainly stressing the idea of seeing the pictures in the poetry we were reciting without much success until she called upon Monsieur Vinette. Our "Orson Welles" Vinette had taken this teacher's words to heart with the following result:

A lover sighing like a furnace with woeful BALLAD, became a lover sighing like a furnace with woeful BLASTS.

Apparently he was picturing it too well.

Miss Hamer would appreciate any information she could get on a certain puzzling subject.

Shakespeare claims that the centre of one's affections then was the liver. Miss Hamer would like to know if they used livers on Valentines instead of hearts. Anyone know? If so, Miss Hamer is waiting to be enlightened.

VTH

Who says our fifth is not the best?
Why of course we far exceed the rest!
No form's pupils are quite so bright
Nor are we exceeded in wit or might.
Ask any teacher and they can tell
How all our homework (?) we do so well.
But casting all these jokes aside,
Now of our pupils we will chide.
Fifth Form's pupils are large and small,
Some are short and some are tall.
We have the famous McGonegal twins,
Who are as much alike as two straight pins.

"Doc" Wyatt is our man with wings
Who skims the air as the wind does sing,
Eleanor Jennings Miss Gliddon can never find

And Whitham, Hall, Duff and Cummings
all have a hockey mind.

They are the backbone of our team
While Vinette with his orations is a scream,

"Daisy" is our "Guiding Light" in the show,

And Cherico, Willoughby and Rosevear
make our orchestra go.

Misses McDonald, McCubbin, McAughey
are all Scotch lasses

Who uphold "Bonny Scotland" in our classes.

Misses McGibbon and Robertson in
Biology shine

So Mr. Firth thinks they are quite fine.
Rivet at Latin is a whizz

Just as Helen McGillivray in basketball is.
So you see why Vth is best

With these above and all the rest,
Our classes echo with wit and zest
And so make us by far the best.

TO THE TEACHERS

Please don't interrupt us
Where there are stars in our eyes
Can't you see it shows
We're dreaming of some bluer skies
Where water flows
And no clams or flies
Are there to bother us?

History and Trig and all that junk

Arc far, far away

In some unknown dump.

Music makes our bodies sway

The jitterbugs begin to jump

And we have fun all the day

Instead of sitting like a bump.

On a log in a chemistry lab

Chlorine etc. floating around

Or listening to a teacher gab

About Caesar's army holding ground

We would rather nab

A chance to travel round

In dreams to far off lands.

Again I plead to you

Don't wake us up just to say

So and so you will do

This French for class next day

We don't care if "vous" means "you"

Or "me." So if I may

I'd like to say, "Keep quiet, do!"

WHY?

Why should we have to learn

All these subjects each in turn?

French which we may never use,

So why bother to "parlez-vous";

Geometry with all its detail

Certainly can make one fail,

Geometry with its buttercup we find

Is another subject for the grind.

Why worry how many fins a perch does own

Or whether an ant lives in a colony or alone.

"Trig," with its sine, tan, and cot

Certainly can muddle one a lot,

Modern History we find quite old

With Napoleon and Louis in its fold.

What does it matter who won the war,

Or whether Britain won all the lore?

Physics is as puzzling as can be,

With all its silly formulae,

Chemistry with its awful smell

Makes our poor heads often swell.

Why do we learn of gold and lead

And other things just as dead?

Algebra also makes our heads go round

With all its book work, deep and sound.

Caesar and Livy develop our Roman frown

And Latin Grammar gets us down.

Literature and Comp. never thrill us much

As we learn of Shakespeare and the such.

So everyone looks forward to the day

When we'll be going on our way

Leaving at last our dear old class

To join perhaps the working mass,

Then school we'll find was not so vile

And fond memories will make us smile

So we will often wish we could return

To that dear old class where we did learn.

IIA Vocational Miss Bennett

By Barbara Moseley-Williams

We have:
Harris but no drug store
Johnson but no dairy
La France but no Paris
Sak but no bags
Kennedy but no Patton
Spencer but no Tracy
Wimpy but no hamburgers
Mosey but no nose
Norman but no studio
Helen but no Troy
Bennett but no Joan
McAra but no appendix
Iris but no blue-flags.

If IIA Vocational girls don't get a job as housewives we certainly should get a job as painters. Hint to Vocational boys—We have more ambition than this.

Just in case you were wondering why IIA's tunics are so short—ask Miss Denyes.

Barbara: Iris, what is your favorite saying?

Iris: You should know. You're with me enough.

Barbara: Do you think I would put that in the magazine.

What we would like to know:

What happened to all the notes Shirley received from the other side of the room.

Why Barbara and Connie insist on walking down the second floor hall.

What effect the fair-haired boy in the second row has on the red-haired girl in the first row.

Although we cannot find any more news for the magazine we are sure to make ourselves noticed at all banquets and school activities.

We are very sorry to announce that one of our Vocational teachers is greatly in debt.

During one of the Literature periods:

Mr. McCann: Name one of the birds mentioned in the story.

Barbara: The Penguin.

Mr. McCann (angrily): I'll give you one hundred dollars if you can find the word penguin in the story.

Fraser: On the bottom of this page penguin is written twice.

Mr. McCann: It will just have to be a life-time debt.

Confucius say Teacher who makes rash promises sets bad example to pupils.

Mr. McCann: Patricia, what is the main source of most dairy products?

Patricia: The cow.

For slow catchers-on the correct answer is grass.

Form IIIA Voc. Miss Denyes

Eva Stevens

3A'S HIT PARADE

1. We'd like to know what goes on at Verna's place every night that is so-o-o interesting. Does a certain boy give the excuse, "I didn't know what time it was."
2. We all know Jean dreams a lot. How? Why else would she sing "Darn That Dream." By the way have you ever noticed that far away look she has when she hears "Indian Summer."
3. Barbara likes "Scatter Brain." It isn't true is it Babs?
4. Helen Snowdy has the class puzzling their brains (?) when she hums, "If I Had My Way."
5. Has Helen Sweezey a secret when she sings "Tomorrow Night"?
6. Eileen's favorite song is "Billy." I wonder why.
1. Miss Bennett giving an example of a "food quiz programme: "What is broccoli?"
Barbara: "I know, a type of macaroni."
2. Mr. Thomson speaking of the mileage indicator on a car: "You've seen the indicator on your car, Helen?"
Helen Sweezey: "We haven't a car."
Mr. Thomson: "Well anyone's car, or are you too busy to notice it."
3. Demarco was so interested in learning from Jean the secrets of "How to Keep a Girl Friend," that he didn't make a very large protest when he was given seven questions to answer, was it that interesting Al?
4. Eva Stevens describing a certain person's baby to the class says, "He looks very much like his father, but he hasn't his father's moustache of course."
5. During English period Hall was busily engaged in chewing a match stick. Miss Mustard seeing Hall's hobby exclaimed, "Hall, please pass the toothpicks."

IIA Commercial Miss Walker

W. Barry

POEMS

In 2A Commercial you can easily say,
That four angels were born one September
day

Now, the funny part of it is, they haven't
a wing
They laugh and talk, they dance and
sing.

But in our form they are the best
They cheer us up when comes a test
Why they form the back-bone of the
school

You've never heard of them breaking a
rule (much)

They are Enborg, Neals, Vrebosch and
Barry
And this good record may they always
carry.

Now in our form we have two doves,
Who think that they are much in love
So together they make quite a pair
B. C. and A. P. are the two little lads
Now if you wish to know the gals
Their names are Biers and O'Hare.

WE WONDER

Why: B. Enborg is always humming "Oh
Johnny," but slightly changes the
name to Jack.

What: G. Buskey was thinking of when
she wrote the words "You Essay"
rather than "U.S.A."

What: Girl in our form wants all the
girls around her to keep quiet during
a free show or performance because
she wants to get her money's worth.

Who: C. Granger was thinking of when
she wrote the word "Graftsmen"
rather than "Craftsmen."

Why: H. Tyers' phone is always busy on
Saturday nights—Wouldn't be because
she is keeping house—Would it?

Why: P. Neales always wishes to go
thru' the "Study Hall" during a
certain time of day.

Why: W. Barry's theme song has
suddenly changed to "Billy."

I. O'Hare: "How do you write
'Clause?'"

Mr. Foster: "Oh! there are many
different ways of writing it."

I. O'Hare: "But I mean like in Santa
Claus."

Mr. Foster: "It really doesn't matter,
he'll get your letter anyway."

Mr. Foster: (after reading a note
found in one of the desks) "Now if you
see a girl walking around the school with
a broken heart, try to patch it up for
her."

Bright Pupil: "Well, how will we know
if who ever she is has a broken heart?"

Mr. Foster: "That's easy to see, all you
have to do is look at her."

Bright Pupil: "Wow! It must be
pretty bad."

F. Vendetti: (reading her composition)
"Then I became so frightened, my bones
began to rattle."

Bright Pupil: "Gee, was that bony."

Miss Mustard: "Who can make a
sentence with the word "datum?"

Bright Pupil: "Boop Boop ditum
datum watum choo."

AMBITIONS OF IIA

M. Lovell—Night Club Singer.

H. Tyers—Phone Operator.

G. Vrebosch—Seamstress.

L. Brown—Somebody's Private Secre-
tary.

F. Vendetti—Dish Washer.

D. Stanton—Floor Washer.

W. Barry—Swing Leader.

P. Neales—Glamour Girl.

F. McKenny—Teacher.

M. Calarco—Pianist.

I. Frederick—Radio Singer.

B. Enborg—Social Success.

C. Granger—Dramatic Actress.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN
IN IIA IF

F. Vendetti didn't borrow.

G. Vrebosch forgot her mirror.

P. Neals forgot her lipstick.

V. Seguin didn't forget her books.

F. Jones didn't do her home-work.

B. Enborg forgot her comb.

H. Tyers didn't take her daily walk.

K. Martin and R. Doran didn't always
have something sweet to say about the
Adanac.

WANT ADS FOR IIA

Wanted: Romantic young man for a
little "Damsel in Distress." Nothing
but Debonaire will be accepted.

Wanted: An unbreakable mirror for V.
Seguin. Apparently she is unfortunate,
for 14 years—henceforth.

Wanted: Experienced jitterbug to
accompany a rug-cutter.

Miss Mustard: (Seeing V. Seguin doing shorthand) "Vivian, is that your best subject?"

V. Seguin: "No, it's my second best."

Miss Mustard: "What's your best?"

V. Seguin: "Typing."

Miss Mustard: "Well, it's too bad you couldn't carry your typewriter along with you."

Mr. Foster: "Miss Cole, will you read exercise 51, please?"

M. Cole: (reading) "They say hard work will kill you."

Mr. Foster: "Oh! no, no, no, is that why you didn't read it over a second time?"

Miss Gardner: (after giving the class a lecture) "Now Madeline, what do you remember of what you read?"

M. Rivet: "Hem—Take things calmly."

I. O'Hare: "Hey, Barry, were you ever in love, were you? I was."

W. Barry: "Who me? Only crazy people fall in love."

D. Ferris: "Well, Isobelle, I always thought there was something wrong with you."

SOME OF IIB COMMERCIAL'S PRIDES

By Audrey Buchanan and Helen Faye

Cole but no wood
Leppan but no pot
Campbell but no soup
Pickford but no Mary
Ferris but no wheel
Soul but no shoe
Wright but no wrong
Faye but no Alice
Black but no White
Robb but no thief
Betty but no Davis

Miss Mustard to Grant: "Turn around and say nothing."

Grant: "Nothing."

Why Helen Faye and Audrey Buchanan go for a walk around the halls at the last minute.

Why Audrey Alkins is called Sun Shine and the Copper Colored Gal.

In Miss Mustard's spelling period:
"Marjorie, what is the meaning of 'quiet'?"

Marjorie Ferris: "Shut up."

FAVOURITE SONGS OF IIB

Audrey Alkins—"Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me."

Helen Faye—"Baby Me."

Audrey Buchanan—"You'd Be Surprised."

Helen Schell—"Broken Record."

Betty Ross—"The Man Who Comes Around."

Marjorie Ferris—"Take Me Out to the Hockey Game."

Doryne Ralston—"If I Had My Way."

Esther Montgomery—"There's Something About a Soldier."

Jack Tierney—"Three Little Fishes."

George Leppan—"The Little Red Fox."

Baldy Baldassaro—"Darling I Am Growing Older."

James Gartshore—"Santa Claus Is Coming to Town."

Rivet—"Petting in the Park."

Campbell—"Lazy River."

Bill Wright—"I Wished I'd Have Died in My Cradle."

Lovell—"I Wished I Were a Willow on a River Bank."

In Miss Mustard's period of spelling:

Miss Mustard: "Hamlin, what does decade mean?"

Hamlin: "The apple was decayed."

One day as we were idling around the hall near Mr. Franklin's room we heard Helen Faye and Audrey Buchanan harmonizing. Helen was singing "O Tommy" and Audrey was crooning "O Herbie." We thought it wasn't bad. We also wondered about the connection.

Where were Helen Faye and Audrey Buchanan Thursday afternoon before opening night? They are now known as the "sun bathers."

IIB Commercial Miss Mustard
Helen Carfagnini

WHAT WE HAVE IN PUPILS

Beatrice Russell

Robinson but no Crusoe
Watt but no kilowatt
Prior but no plumber
Johnson but no baby powder
Hull but no Ottawa
Simpson but no Eaton's
Wright but no left
Carmichael but no bear
Fraser but no street
Stewart but no plaid
Kelly but no Cohen
Russell but no Rosalind
Maxwell but no coffee

FORM III

Something new happens here every day,
But everything happens in good old IIIA;
We're commercial students and from the
start,

We set about to win your heart.

We have variety in our third form,
For when Berta Thorpe walks by T——
Horn,

There's usually something in the wind,
And she won't stop till she catches him.

And now we come to our smart Brunette,
She is called by everyone, Laurette,
She just has to stop and wink her eye,
And it makes J—— W—— fall in line.

Now Irene Seguin who is very smart,
Thought it wise for her to depart,
Although she loved our dear IIIA,
She works in Zeller's day by day.

Buddy Avery is our pretty blonde,
She and Mervin parade around
And Elva Gittins who is in our class,
Never works but sits and laughs.

Donalda McLeod is very, very quiet,
But never does her homework nights.
In talent IIIA does not despair,
For our Kay Trounson takes the air.

And Dorothy Dowdall also sings,
She can trill to most anything,
Thelma Fraser and Genevieve Wright,
Never do know where to alight.

And there we have third form in review,
This commercial form bids you adieu;
We won't be with you another year,
And we do hate to leave our Collegiate
dear.

— Irene Gauthier.

CHIT CHAT

Helen Carfagnini

Well, it seems that the announcement made by Mr. Wallace concerning form parties didn't worry IIIA Commercial for very long. The party was held at the home of Berta Thorpe and there was music and dancing after everyone got tired tobogganing at Thibeault Hill. The girls brought their escorts and everyone had a wonderful time. Berta and a few of her friends served lunch and the party was brought to a close in the wee hours of the morning.

Dear me! It seems that IIIA is going to lose one of its best pupils. Irene Seguin has decided to leave us and join the staff at Zeller's. Of course we are glad to see her getting places but it

seems that a liability for good old IIIA means an asset to Zeller's. However, we all wish her lots of luck with her new job.

I suppose you all remember that old, old song, "An Apple for the Teacher." Well, it seems some of the IIIA girls wanted to see how it would be if they acted it out. So when Mr. Foster came into the room one fine day and found a beautiful shiny red apple on his desk he picked up the note under it and read, "An apple for the teacher. That seems the thing to do. Because we want to learn about romance from you." The class sat waiting patiently for him to say something but he thought it best to have out a good laugh first and then he promised us that he would at least see what he could do about it. I guess it was hopeless though because we are still waiting for that lesson. In case Mr. Foster has forgotten we hope this will remind him.

During a discussion on food products the other day, Miss Bennett asked "If you were going in to buy a piece of neck in a butcher store, how would you ask for it?"

Pupil answered brightly—"I wanna neck."

IN TEACHERS

Mustard but no Keene's
Gardner but no garden
Walker but no walk
Franklin but no Roosevelt
Bennett but no Hon. R. B.
Foster but no dentist

JOKES

Mr. Franklin: "Is it illegal to run a marriage bureau? Yes. But is it illegal for a man to advertise in a newspaper for a wife? Then answering his own question and blushing furiously he explained hastily, 'Of course, I'm not considering doing it.'"

Mr. Franklin: "Mr. Dionne used to run a sheep farm, eh?"

Helen Carfagnini to Dorothy D.: "Yeah, but kids were more profitable."

Irene Seguin—(In Miss Gardner's room): "Gee, I feel a draught."

Helen C.: "Oh, don't mind that. It's from the drafting room across the hall."

Bernice Donaldson: "Remember the guy who had this?" (Indicating a heart-shaped brooch on her dress).

Beatrice Russell — (Innocently): "Uh, huh. Is he in the hospital now?"

ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

Dorothy Robinson

I want to be on some mountain peak,
Hear the thunder roar, watch the light-
ning streak

Across the sky, with a blinding flash,
While the echoes rebound with a deafen-
ing crash.

I want to live on some mountain crest,
And build a home where the eagle's nest,
Far off from the rushing noisy crowds,
A haven of rest amid the clouds.

And there on that sequestered dome,
I'll live in peace, no more to roam,
Free as the birds that soar on high;
Secluded I'll live until I die.

And there will I forever rest,
Just lay my head on Mother Nature's
breast,

My path will be short when I hear the
call,

Just a step or two from my mountain
tall.

WE WONDER

Why Elsie Moore waited till March to
give Mary a New Year's card.

Why snickering comes from Bernice
when she holds a tiny black book before
her.

Why Beatrice carries that same little
black book with her and jots down a
few things now and then.

Who suggested "The Duchess" for
Dorothy R. and why?

How Mary gets such good marks when
"I never opened a book." Slight intelli-
gence, I'd say.

Why Mr. Foster finds the girls of IIA
so nice. Surely not any special attraction.
Of could it be that apple????

Why Dora blushed so terrible when
she told Mr. Foster that she didn't have
any dates. Not very good at telling lies,
eh Dora?

Why Pearl Letts wanted to know who
a certain Cockburn is in IIB Vocational.
Genevieve Wright keeps a stern watch
on a few of the special corridors around
here.

Why Donald McLeod comes in at the
last minute every day.

Why Beatrice Russell has been so
cheerful lately. Is it all patched up Bea,
or is it a new one?

Miss McNamara: "If you are a new
employe in an office how should you
go about finding things out without
bothering the others too often?"

Thelma Fraser: "Figure it out for
yourself."

IIB Commercial

Mr. Foster

DEDICATORY

To our dear friend Arthur Duquette
who left our class to earn his living in
the "business world."—By Preece, and
Gigg.

Our friend Duquette has gone away;
He's gone away from here to stay.
He may come back some other day
To his friend DeMarco in the Bay.

Poor Duquette is working hard;
He's many feet below the ground.
His hands are getting rough and tough.
It shows Art's made of the proper stuff.

But soon the work will get him down
Because he has no time to fool:
For when a letter comes from Al
He wishes they were playing pool.

SPORTS FLASH

He shoots; he scores! Yes, IIB Com.
whizzed their way into the position of
champions in the Senior Interform
Hockey League of the school. The bril-
liant players consisted of practically all
the form, due to the fact that there are
only fifteen boys in the class. Yes, the
old saying goes, "Bright boys are good
hockey players." Our boys were using
the brain as well as the brawn.

Special Com.

Miss McNamara

THEY SAY:

Ethel Locke

Alvin Ashford: "What time is it?"

Christina Beatty: "Hello little girl."

Mr. Foster: "Now, will you write?"

Muriel Watson: "Well, well, imagine
that!"

Bill Biggs: "Let's put up the window."

Tom Horn: "I washed my hair, and
I can't do a thing with it."

Edith Roynon: "Do you know what
he's talking about?"

Ethel Locke: "So I ain't neat!"

Archie Clarke: "Guess I'll go to school
today. Or will I?"

Margaret Robertson: "I wish I had
my book here, I wish."

Bob Wyatt: "Go ahead, I'm awake."

CHATTER

It really happened—Spelling period in
Miss Mustard's room.

Biggs: "What's that funny smell in
here?"

Wyatt: "Oh that! Why that's fresh
air."

As usual Audrey Kimberley didn't
have her shorthand homework done, and

Mr. Foster became rather angry. Throwing down his book, he exclaimed, "Miss Kimberley, just what do you do with your nights, anyway . . . Oh well."

Miss McNamara: "Martin, what have you in your mouth?"

Martin: "My tongue."

Miss McNamara: "Well, don't you know you are not supposed to chew it like that."

Martin still wonders how one IS supposed to chew one's tongue.

Sylvia: "That's nice material in your new jacket."

Ashford: "Do you like it?"

Sylvia: "Yes, and I like the colour, too. It's too bad you couldn't get your size."

Elva: "Boy, did she give you a dirty look."

Marjorie: "Who?"

Elva: "Mother Nature."

Honest, didn't Miss Mustard look cute with that velvet bow in her hair?

Archie works in a downtown book store. One day a gentleman came in to buy a pen. Archie showed him one, and asked him to try it. The man covered a page with the words Tempus Fugit. Archie came along with another pen and said, "Maybe you'd like this one better, Mr. Fugit." No, Archie's all right.

POME

Slippery ice—very thin;
Poor Vera—tumbled in;
Saw a fella—on the bank;
Gave a shriek—then she sank;
Tom on hand—heard her shout;
Jumped right in—pulled her out;
Now he's hers—very nice;
But she had—to break the ice.

SPECIAL'S BRIGHT SAYING:

If I were an echo, just for a joke,
I'd yell at some guy before he spoke.
Once Daisy Mae Beatty, quite shy,
Said this to a student named Cy,
"If you kiss me, of course
You will have to use force,
But thank heaven, you're stronger
than I."

WHAT'S SPECIAL ABOUT SPECIAL

She takes pride in her gramophone,
And keeps time with her feet,
While playing records as we groan
To have them changed "toute suite."

We think she hails from Dixie Land,
The way she plays that tune;
We type away to beat the band,
The end comes none too soon.

Archie Clarke, our typing champ,
Plans to help the cause,
And buy new records—"the little
scamp"—

Or order some from Santa Claus.

Edna Smith is not so tall,
In fact she's pretty short,
But in the game of basketball,
We see she's quite a sport.

Edna has just one hope,
To see her Clyde on ice,
And here we know a periscope
Would help her out quite nice.

Miss Mustard warns Biggs, our movie
star,

He's not the janitor in the school,
"Leave the windows the way they are,
And keep this as a golden rule."

She tells us all to watch our stance,
And breathe the best of air;
But how are we to get a chance,
When there isn't any there?

Mr. Franklin shows the way
To use our brains and get ahead,
And legal methods to make 'em pay,
And keep our books without the "Red."

He claims we're very lazy,
Dunces, so he fears;
"Special hasn't been like this,"
He says, "for years and years."

The favourite words of Mr. Wert,
Refer to those who talk,
And to his room at four we go,
To sit without a squawk.

He tries his best to memorize,
Which names go with which faces,
But how's he to remember,
If we sit in different places?

Miss Walker likes to have our views,
They're few, we must confess;
We do our best to answer,
When we don't know, we guess.

So Special's not so special,
As you can plainly see,
But gee, we have a lot of fun,
I guess you'll all agree.

—Lafontaisie and Martin

STUDENTS

IXA

Miss F. G. Ash

Beaton, Muriel
Burrows, Beth
Caley, Wilma
Connelly, Jean
Cook, Evelyn
Craddock, Audrey
Dobberman,
 Wilhelmine
Dwyer, Lorna
Empie, Gertrude
Groulx, Caroline
Guest, Pamela
Henry, Joan
Horn, Betty Ann
Howard, Freda
Ibbotson, Phyllis
Jennings, Marjorie
Laing, Jeanne
Lynham, Constance
McGregor, Joan
Marceau, Marie
McGee, Evelyn
McLaren, Eleanor

McLaren, Jean
McLeod, Winnie
Meeeking, Dorothy
Mison, Frances
Mitchell, Ann
Morgan, Beth
Meisenheimer,
 Marjorie
Morton, Shirley
Neily, Ona
Owen, Hilda
Richards, Kay
Richenback, Helen
Richer, Edna
Read, Elva
Risk, Catherine
Robinson, Beth
Smith, Phyllis
Schneeberg, Clara
Whyte, Margaret
Wootton, Margaret
Yeates, Ruth

McFarlane, June
McLeod, Ruth
Mainville, Isabel
Moon, Alice
Moore, Helen
Newell, Edith
Palmer, Dorothy
Parfit, Doris
Peltier, Mona
Rees, Doris,
Richardson, Jean

Runnalls, Corrine
Savord, Alga
Schiavo, Laura
Stevens, Iris
Thorn, Catherine
Trepannier, Gabrielle
Wall, Norma
Walter, Edna
Weiss, Jean
Willcock, Olive

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Caruso, Catherine
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Edwards, Gloria
Enborg, Lois
Firth, Edith
Fournier, Alice
Herman, Norma
Hicks, Constance
Hicks, Shirley
Jackson, Shirley
Kiely, Catherine
Lee, Annie
Long, Pearl
McAra, Mildred
McGillivray, Doretta
McGillivray, Jean

McColeman, Vivian
McKinnon, Margaret
Morris, Beulah
Montemurro, Rita
Nickolson, Shirley
Paquette, Gilberte
Rickets, Jean
Rivers, Patricia
Rowe, Eileen
Roydon, Lulu
Russell, Betty
Smith, Mabel
Stevenson, Lorraine
Taylor, Shirley
Thompson, Eleanor
Thompson, Jean
Wraith, Vera
Zimbalatte, Rose
Zouboules, Christina
Zufelt, Nelda

Beal, Don
Bedforth, George
Brown, Stewart
Caley, George
Campbell, Colin
Clarke, Cameron
Coburn, Don
Corner, Murray
Draper, Robert
Fricker, Jack
Gillies, Robert
Guppy, Jack
Hanna, Fred
Hayes, Eddie
Henderson, Keith
Lagassie, Edgar
Mason, Cecil
McIntyre, Bob
Mitchell, Allan

Morland, Dave
Moyer, Don
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Nunner, Louis
Otto, George
Perna, Perino
Peveley, Reg.
Phillips, Mel
Pinkney, Ray
Reeves, Walford
Reid, Max
Ross, Jack
Scott, Dick
Simpson, Don
Squires, Robert
Veitch, Doug
Weegar, Dalton
Whittingham, Bill
Williams, Lorne

IXE

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Bagno, Eugene
Brown, Charlie
Brown, William
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Celentino, Peter
Chapman, William
Church, Jack
Daly, Sheldon
Drake, William
Elston, Kenneth
Fennel, Kenneth
Gauthier, Eugene
Hill, Jack
Johnson, Alan
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Lawrence, Harvey
Mackey, Wallace

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McClement, Clifford
McIntyre, Gerard
McFarland, Stanley
Mison, Mervin
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Nichols, Robert
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Richardson, George
Robinson, Arthur
Schacter, Berney
Shields, James
Troy, Richard
Turner, Colin
Ward, Glenn
Whitham, Harry
Zimbalatte, Rocci

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Bishop, Eunice
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Brown, Eileen
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Carfagnini, Lydia
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Childerhose, Shirley
Collins, Dorothy
Colyer, Etta
Farrell, May

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Hiscock, Gwen
Hurtubise, Coline
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Laur, Margaret
McEwen, Marion

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Graham, Edmund
Green, Solomon

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Knight, Mervin
Lindsay, James
Locke, Ken
Mackey, John
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Mantha, Lomer
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Elliott, Wilburt
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Lamorie, Gordon
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Smiley, Lorne
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Smith, George
Torrance, Bob

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Foisy, Remi
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Eddy, Bill
Frair, Bill
Guenette, Yvon
Guppy, Mark
Hoey, Bill
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Neil, Bill
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Weegar, Bob

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Spratt, Lorna
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Sykes, Bernice
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Waiser, Mary
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Dickey, Ross
Duquette, George
Durrell, Jack
Foster, Maurice
Godin, John
Lowery, Emmett
Martyn, Ian
McLean, Ronald
Milne, Reid
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Rosborough, Jack
Torrance, Gordon
Webster, Lindsay
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Neilly, Iris
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Saunders, Olga
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Smith, Frances
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Hill, William

Latimer, Ronald
Marshall, Robert
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McParland, Cecil
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McBeth, Jean
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Gunn, Beverly
Johnston, Norma
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Nichols, Doreen
Owen, Betty
Ostrom, Pauline
Stewart, Jean
Thoms, Olive

Piccolo, Jean
Burns, Muriel
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Book, Bruce
Brown, Wm.
Gigg, Wilfred
Herman, Morris
Hicks, Baxter
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McIntosh, Bob
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McCubbin, Ruth
McDonald, Isabel
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de Pencier, Muriel
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Rowed, Lesley
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Waddington, Jean
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Becks, Douglas
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 Doran, Ruby
 Duquette, Mary
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 Brydon, William
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 Cole, Cecil
 Dwyer, George
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 Higgins, Edward
 Houston, Ian
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 Leppan, George
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 McGregor, Alex

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 McLeod, Donald

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 O'Hare, Isabelle
 Pitt, Ina
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 Rivet, Madeline
 Salidas, Agnes
 Seguin, Vivian
 Simms, Beatrice
 Smith, Joyce
 Smith, Patricia
 Stanton, Doreen
 Summerhayes, Eula
 Thompson, Myrtle
 Tyers, Helen
 Vendetti, Fannie
 Vrebosch, Giselle

McKenna, Leslie
 Papineau, Archie
 Pickford, John
 Rivet, Andre
 Robb, Donald
 Soule, Archie
 Studholme, John
 Tiernay, John
 Upton, Arthur
 White, John
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 Hall, Irwin
 Huff, Lorne

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 Enborg, Beryl
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 Granger, Clarette
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 Black, Gerald
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 Brydon, William
 Campbell, William
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 Cole, Cecil
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 Gartshore, James
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 Howard, George
 Leppan, George
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 McGregor, Alex

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 Smith, Patricia
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 Summerhayes, Eula
 Thompson, Myrtle
 Tyers, Helen
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 Vrebosch, Giselle

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 Papineau, Archie
 Pickford, John
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 Robb, Donald
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 Roocroft, Frank

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 Holunga, Alex
 Jackson, James
 Jeneroux, Cameron
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 Leach, Arthur
 Leboeuf, Rudolphe
 Mackie, Jack

Mellis, Bert
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 Quirt, Ronald
 Salmon, Edgar
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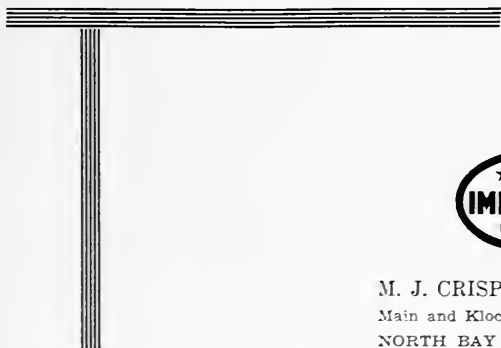
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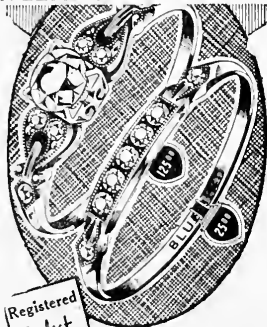
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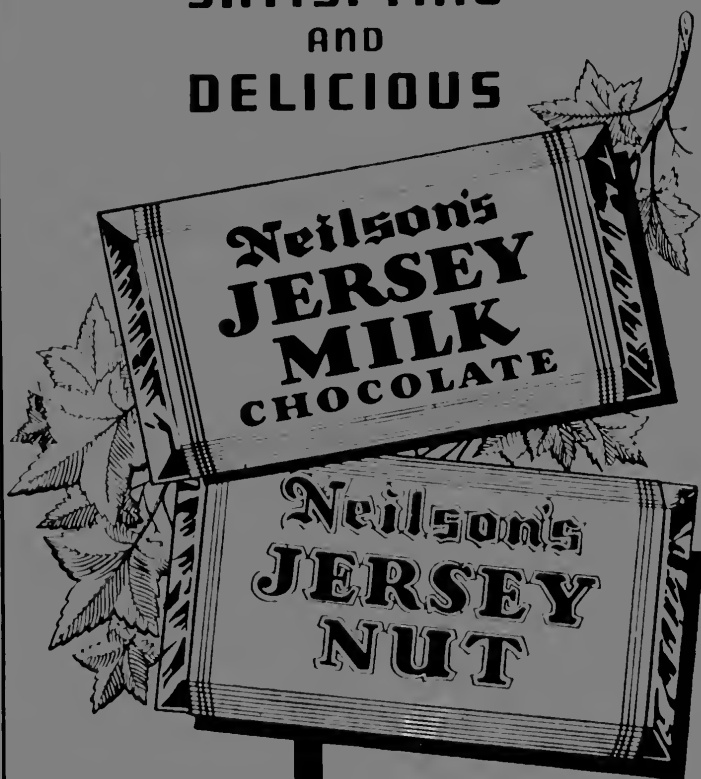
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